

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE END OF A GREAT FLEET

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A LADY BITES A DOG

WHY ENGLAND WILL
NEVER BE BEATENFamous Composer's Adventure
in Germany Before the War

QUEER TRUE STORY

Walking in a beautiful old garden the other day a friend of the C.N. learned of an adventure which befell a distinguished English composer in Germany before the war. We think it has not been published before, but it is true.

One of her works was to be performed in the capital of a German State, and the ruler had arranged a reception. On the way to it they espied a Newfoundland dog drawing a milk-cart and they stopped to look. It was lucky for the dog that they did.

A bull-terrier suddenly came running down a side street and hurled himself on the Newfoundland. The old lady in charge of the milk-cart shrieked and ran into a shop. The shopkeeper slammed the door. Down went the Newfoundland, entirely unable to defend himself, with the bull-terrier's death-grip at his throat.

Bit the Bull-Terrier's Tail

The English spectators knew that neither blows nor buckets of water will separate fighting dogs; and, unlike some recent readers of the C.N., they did not know that you can choke off a bully by slipping a stout stick under his collar and twisting it like a tourniquet. But the composer's sister had heard that if you bite a dog's tail it will open its jaws.

So this beautiful Englishwoman in her best frock ran across the street and, bending over the dogs, bit the bull-terrier's tail. He did leave go, and her husband grasped him, but the brute broke free and once more threw himself upon the Newfoundland's torn throat.

So once more the English lady bit the bull-terrier's tail, and once more he let go. This time the shopkeeper had summoned up courage to open his door a little, and while the lady's husband held the aggressor they just managed to drag the Newfoundland and his cart into the shop.

After the Concert

The English folk left the bull-terrier tearing at the door, and proceeded to the concert a little breathlessly.

The concert was a great success, and so was the reception, but the composer's sister felt a little embarrassed when a German notability said to her: "Do you know, madam, I have just heard such a strange story about you. Of course it is only a story, but it is all over the town."

"Indeed?" faltered she.

"Yes," he continued; "they say you stopped a dog from killing another by biting its tail."

Hot all over, the lady confessed.

"Ah!" the German cried. "England will never be beaten. If your women are like that, what must your men be?"

Lawn Tennis Begins



An increasing number of people play tennis all the year round on hard courts, but those who play only on grass courts are just getting ready to enjoy the summer season. Here are two young players expressing their enthusiasm by jumping over the net.

HE LOVED ENGINES AND WROTE POEMS

FIFTY-TWO years ago there was born in the Wiltshire village of South Marston a child to whose christening came the invisible fairies of poetry and poverty.

Alfred Williams has just died in that same village, but he had done much in his short life.

At 11 he started to earn his living on a farm, but, like most boys, he loved engines, and he made his way to the great railway works at Swindon, where he became a hammerman. All day he worked in the clanging factory, and half the night he devoured books or wrote poetry. He was very poor but he was very happy, for the things that make poets happy cost nothing. There is no charge for starlight, or the early music of birds, or the flowers in the hedgerows through which the factory hand walked on Sundays; and Alfred Williams loved them all.

His first book of poems was published in 1909, and men praised its fresh, melodious spirit. The best of his poetry is to be found in a selection made by Mr. John Bailey in 1926. The best of his prose writings are a book, *Life in a Railway Factory*; one on *A Wiltshire Village*; and *Round about the Upper Thames*. They are the work of a man who was born to write and had no need of anyone to teach him. People called him the Hammerman Poet, but his work would have been valued as highly if he had been a lawyer or diplomat, for it needed no romance to enhance its own charm.

Now the Hammerman Poet will beat out no more ringing words. One day he made a visit to his wife in hospital. The next day he was found dead in his bed. It was a peaceful passage for him, but pure tragedy for those who loved the man and his work.

BACK HOME FROM THE GREAT WAR

A 12-YEAR JOURNEY

John Buda Arrives at Last and
Posts His Friend's LetterESCAPE FROM A PRISONER'S
CAMP

By Our Hungarian Correspondent

If you write a letter to announce your return home after a week-end spent in the country and forget to post it till late on Saturday night, the chances are that you will reach your destination before the letter is delivered. But what would you say if your letter arrived *twelve years after*? This is what has just happened to a man in Hungary named Albert Fried.

In the bad old days of the war this man, who had been made prisoner by the Russians, was a nurse in the hospital for prisoners in Tashkent. He made friends with one of the patients, a private named John Buda, who, as it transpired, came from a village in Fried's own county.

Horrors of the Prison Camp

Buda was terribly ill with dysentery, and it was owing to Fried's devoted care that his life was saved. After his recovery he resolved to make a desperate attempt to escape rather than return to the horrors of the prison camp. Fried, whom he told of his plan, warned him against the appalling risks he ran.

But Buda was not to be deterred from his attempt, and so at the last moment Fried scribbled a hurried note to his wife, saying he was alive and well and hoped to be exchanged before long. This he gave to Buda, with the request that he should deliver it if by any chance he came through.

Two years later, in 1920, Fried was allowed to return home with a Red Cross transport. One of his first inquiries, when he saw his wife again, was whether she had ever heard from John Buda, and on learning that she had not heard Fried was more convinced than ever that his unfortunate friend had found his death in the wilds of Asia.

Journey's End

But a few weeks ago there came a letter from John Buda's native village enclosing the scrap of paper on which Fried had scrawled his hurried message to his family on August 6, 1918. For nearly twelve years Buda had carried it about while he had battled his lonely way across India, Siberia, China, and the United States, till at last he was home again, worn and weary, but safe.

His first thought was to send the precious missive on to the family of the man who had been so good to him. But one wonders what Fried felt when he held once more in his hands that ghostly scrap of paper come back to him after twelve years, laden with the haunting memory of past misery and terror.

JOHN BULL'S HEAVY BURDEN MR SNOWDEN ADJUSTS IT A Little More Weight for Those Who Can Bear It AND A LITTLE LESS FOR OTHERS

The Labour Government's first Budget contained no great surprises, because everybody knew or guessed the three most important things about it.

Everybody knew that the existing taxes would not be enough to cover the expenditure already arranged for in the financial year.

Everybody guessed that an increase in the income tax would be the chief way of meeting the shortage.

Everybody guessed that Mr Snowden would find he could not do without the protective duties put on by the last Government and that he would therefore keep them on for the moment, much as he dislikes the idea of Protection.

All these things came true.

Depressing Balance Sheets

In his Budget speech Mr Snowden first explained that, owing chiefly to trade depression, the national income for the past year, ending in March, was twelve million pounds less than had been expected by his predecessor, Mr Churchill, twelve months ago, while the expenditure had been nearly seven million pounds more than was expected, so that the surplus Mr Churchill had looked for had been turned into a loss of over 14 million pounds.

For the coming year, he said, the expenditure already arranged would be over 865 million pounds, while if the taxes were continued just as they are the income would only be 823 million pounds. Our shortage therefore would be over 42 millions.

The Poorest to Pay Less

But Mr Churchill had put away money to give to local authorities to make up for the loss of rates from manufacturers on account of bad trade; and Mr Snowden said he was going to borrow 16 million pounds of this to go toward his deficit. The rest would have to be raised by new taxation.

Mr Snowden thinks that the most straightforward thing to do in such a position is to increase the income tax, and this is what he has done, but he has rearranged the scale of payments so that almost all the increase is borne by well-to-do people, and the poorest taxpayer will pay actually less than before. Perhaps it was hardly necessary to make this reduction, but it is part of the policy of putting the burden on the broadest backs. Only a quarter of all the income-tax payers will pay more, yet the net increase will be 21 million pounds. Then, for the wealthy, the surtax (what used to be called the supertax) is also increased.

The Estimated Surplus

Death duties, too, are to be increased in the case of the larger estates, so that when any C.N. reader leaves two million pounds actually half of it will go in death duties. A new law is to be made preventing people from evading duties on their land when they die by transferring their ownership to limited companies.

The only other important new taxation is an increase of the beer duty, but this is to be borne by the brewers and not handed on to the consumer. But there are one or two small reductions of taxation. Some motor-cyclists and the owners of some heavy motor-lorries will pay less for their licences, and the

IT IS A GOOD WORLD A Ship and a Dog LINER STOPS TO SAVE A LIFE

In the Bay of Biscay something of a sea was running when a foxhound, one of a pack going out on a Clan liner to Bombay, took it into its young head to jump overboard.

It had been exercised up and down the deck and then tied up. About breakfast-time the chief officer saw the collar hanging empty—and no dog. Search was made everywhere. It could not be found.

It was not for half an hour after its absence had been first noted that the loss was reported to the captain. Captain Turton did not hesitate. He turned the ship round and steamed back.

He went back all the way the ship had travelled in the half-hour, and a mile beyond. But not a glimpse was caught of the missing hound.

Then, when hope seemed gone, a look-out spied the poor creature, still swimming, just ahead of the ship. The captain stopped the engines, had a boat lowered, and the foxhound was hauled aboard.

It was just in time. The runaway was at its last gasp, but it completely recovered. It will never understand what it owes to the captain, but anyone who reads the story must feel indebted to him for such a display of true humanity.

It is a kind world.

AN OLD MAN'S PHILOSOPHY

Young Men Please Copy

When old Mr Stephen Clements, who had served seventy of his eighty-five years with a firm of stationers, was complimented on his service he refused to be puffed up with pride.

He could see nothing extraordinary in seventy years of work. You must have an interest in life if you want to hold it, he reminded the friend who congratulated him. And "what else could he do but work?"

In that Mr Clements spoke the words of true philosophy, a philosophy as old as man, who can never find any greater happiness than to labour hopefully. It was the philosophy of an old man who had lived more than fourscore years to test it. Young men please copy it—early.

Continued from the previous column

betting man's £10 certificate will be abolished: Mr Snowden will have nothing to do with this evil business. It is odd to find the bookmakers thanking him, but the C.N. agrees that it was a disgraceful thing for the State to make a few miserable pounds out of the dishonest trade in betting.

The net result of all these taxes is that the estimated deficit of 42 million pounds is turned into an estimated surplus of two millions.

What are called the safeguarding duties on lace, gloves, gas mantles, and cutlery come to an end in the ordinary course this year, and they will not be renewed; neither will the remaining safeguarding duties, including pottery and buttons, which all come to an end within the next three years. The silk duties and what are called the McKenna duties, on luxuries like motor-cars, gramophones, and so on, will go on for the present, but Mr Snowden says they will be repealed during the life of the present Parliament, which he expects to be four years. The sugar duty will also go.

An important announcement was made that a Bill will be introduced to value the whole of the land of Britain in order that a new tax may be put upon it.

THE PEASANT AND HIS SCHNAPPS SWISS LOOKING INTO IT A Government Scheme for Buying What the People Make MONEY FOR OLD-AGE PENSIONS

Schnapps is the national spirit of the Swiss, and, like our own alcohol, is a national curse.

The Swiss people have at last made up their minds by a national vote to deal with the curse of their national spirit.

They are not going to do it in the way America has done it, nor in the way temperance reformers in England would do it; but the great thing is that they have made up their minds to face the question.

A generation and a half ago, when schnapps was made from potatoes, the Government was given power to buy up the whole national production of potato alcohol and use it as fuel and medicine. But at the beginning of this century the peasants began to make spirit from fruit, and there has been a tremendous development of fruit-growing for this purpose, chiefly an inferior kind of plum good for nothing else.

Cheap and Plentiful

And now schnapps is so cheap and so plentiful that spirit costing a shilling in England costs only a halfpenny in Switzerland. The peasants make their own spirit in their own stills. They need no licence, and except for potato spirit they may sell it free of duty. What wonder that Switzerland now heads the list of spirit-drinking countries in Europe, with an average of over twelve pints a year for each inhabitant—though we must always remember that this is shared each year with Switzerland's four million visitors.

Seven years ago an attempt was made to tax fruit spirit and restrict its sale, but it was defeated by the peasants, who saw that the plan would cut down their income and raise the price of their drink. Now a plan has been found which will help them to make good their loss, and it has been adopted by a popular vote (a referendum) by 17 cantons to five and a majority in actual votes of nearly three to two.

Using the Profits

The peasant is still to be allowed to make schnapps for himself, duty free, but he must not sell any except to the Government. Later on he will have to take out a licence. The spirit factories in the towns will be put under strict control, and here, too, the Government will be the only buyer.

The Government in its turn will sell the spirit, some for drinking and some for industrial purposes, but at a greatly-increased price. This will reduce drinking and give a large profit, which will be used for old-age pensions and to help the peasants to develop the growing of fruit of a better quality, and to help also in its transport and storage. Switzerland at present imports a great deal of fruit for eating which she can easily grow at home when once the temptation is removed to grow it for schnapps instead.

CLEMENCEAU'S DONKEY

An example of faithfulness unto death is shown by the death of Clemenceau's donkey.

She survived her master but a short while, and died a few days after her thirtieth birthday.

With her the old statesman made many pleasant excursions in the charming Vexin country, and she was perhaps as well known in the district as her great master, for they were known everywhere as inseparable companions.

The donkey was often seen waiting in the station yard for the arrival of the train from Paris.

KOMODO: HIS MARK THE DRAGON SHOWS HIS TEETH

A Gallant Reptile in Defence of His Mate

STORY FROM THE ZOO

We did not believe in dragons, but we accepted the enormous lizards of Komodo as very good substitutes.

We did not believe in the devastating ferocity of dragons, but the Komodo lizard teaches us that even modern representatives of the creatures of the myths have teeth and can more than show them.

There are two magnificent Komodo dragons at the Zoo, and one of them, the lady in the case, has become so affectionate in a reptile sort of way that the keepers have been able to take her for promenades in the grounds, to her and their own great content.

Sumbawa, the gentle one of the drama, has a jealous gallant for a husband, and it is he who has shown that the fabulous qualities of the old never-never dragons have some faint reality in himself. He saw a hand laid apparently ungently on his mate, and up blazed the dragon nature all according to tradition.

Like an Enchanted Grotto

The two giant reptiles live in a sunny cave with rocks and water and logs, all looking like some enchanted grotto, with themselves as the grim guardians to keep any possible Prince Charming from breaking the spell upon some imaginary Sleeping Beauty within.

As they waddle and squat, Sumbawa and her mate look like figments of the imagination snatched from the most active of nightmares. They have the most enormous forked tongues in the world, and when these are protruded to taste food or water the sight is unbelievable. The teeth are kept well out of sight and it remains for fancy to suggest them.

But the teeth are not imaginary. A keeper was recently brushing up the fairy den and found portly Madame Sumbawa in his way. As we do with a horse in its stable, he told her to "Get over," and gave her a gentle hint with his broom, all in the way of kindness. Sumbawa's mate misunderstood the action, and with dragon-like fervour he came raging to her rescue.

Terrific Jaws

He rushed at the keeper, seized him by hand and arm in his terrific jaws, and badly lacerated the flesh. The Zoo medical staff is always prepared for emergencies, and nowhere could a man have received quicker or more effective treatment; but the keeper will carry to his grave marks of a dragon's teeth more authentic than ever were sown in the fable of old times.

The great male lizard is not to be condemned as a savage for this one act of violence. Hitherto he has shown signs of growing almost friendly, nearly tolerant, of his keeper, but whoever touches his mate outrages his deepest feelings. A lion is never more dangerous than when the lioness is threatened with what he considers danger or disrespect.

THINGS SAID

Let us talk rubbish.

Motto of Manchester Litter Week

Of all the walls of a room the ceiling is most neglected. Sir Oliver Lodge

Friendship and Art are the two greatest boons in life. Sir David Murray

All you can do by force is to kill the innocent and guilty alike. Miss Ruth Fry

It might be a useful thing if Parliament sometimes met in Manchester.

Mr C. P. Scott

Even the firms who build garden cities are among the disfigurers of back streets. Society of Arts lecturer

May 3, 1930

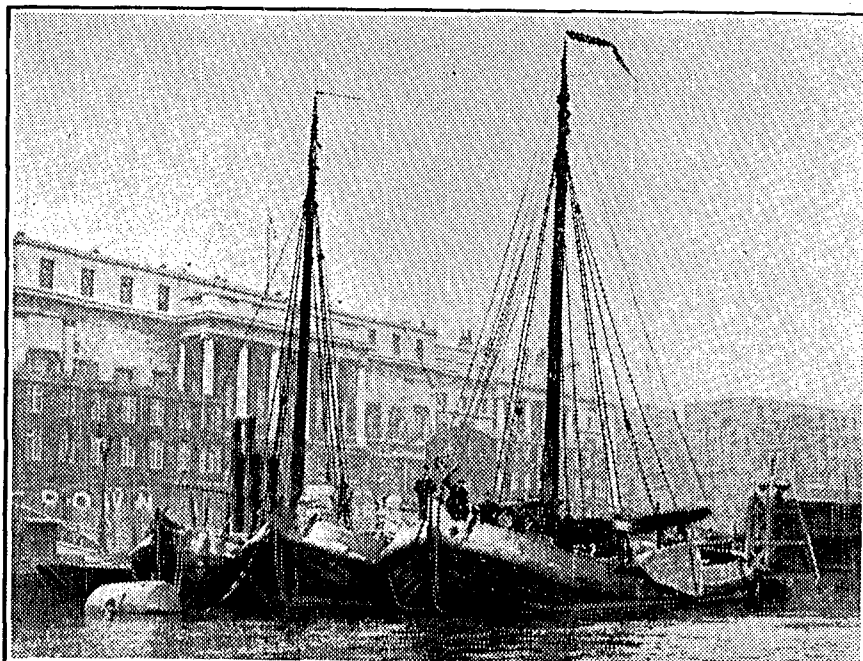
The Children's Newspaper

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SAILOR SCOUTS • THE GARDENING PARADE • ROWING ON LAND



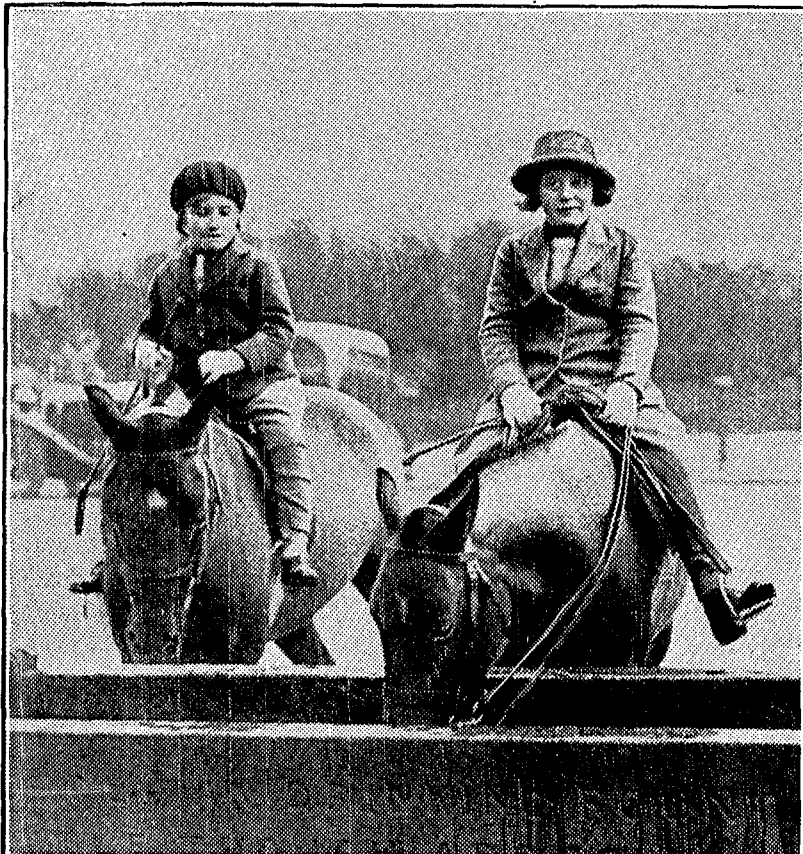
Sailor Scouts—The Deep Sea Scouts, recruited from ocean-going vessels of the Navy and Mercantile Marine, are a branch of the Boy Scout Movement. These Deep Sea Scouts from H.M.S. Nelson are taking a walk in Spain with members of the Gibraltar troop.



Old Friends—In the reign of Queen Elizabeth Dutch sailors were granted the right to moor boats in the Thames near Billingsgate Market. The eelboats which still carry on this privilege are seen in this picture. The building in the background is the Custom House.



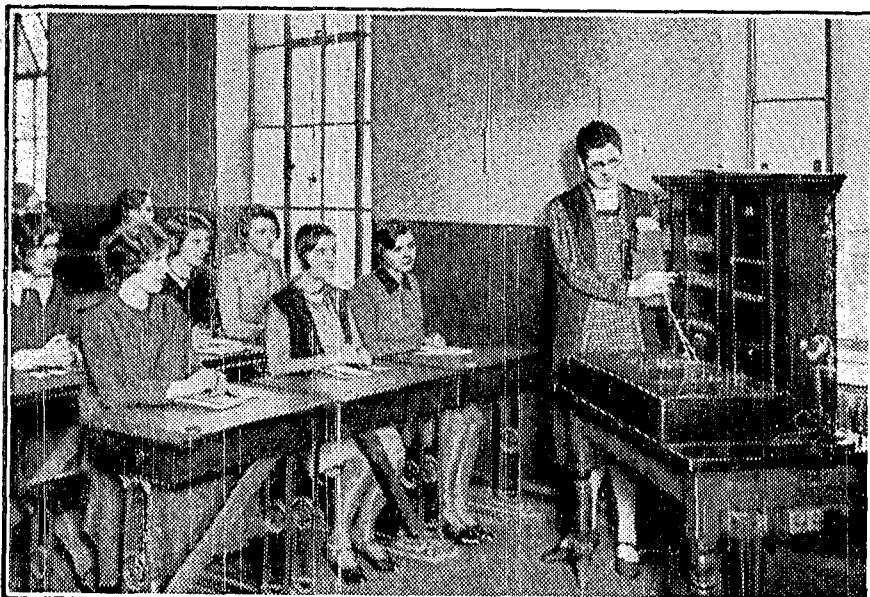
A Peep at a Liner—Organised parties are now shown over ships in London docks. Here we see a party of schoolgirls who spent an interesting morning on S.S. Minnetonka.



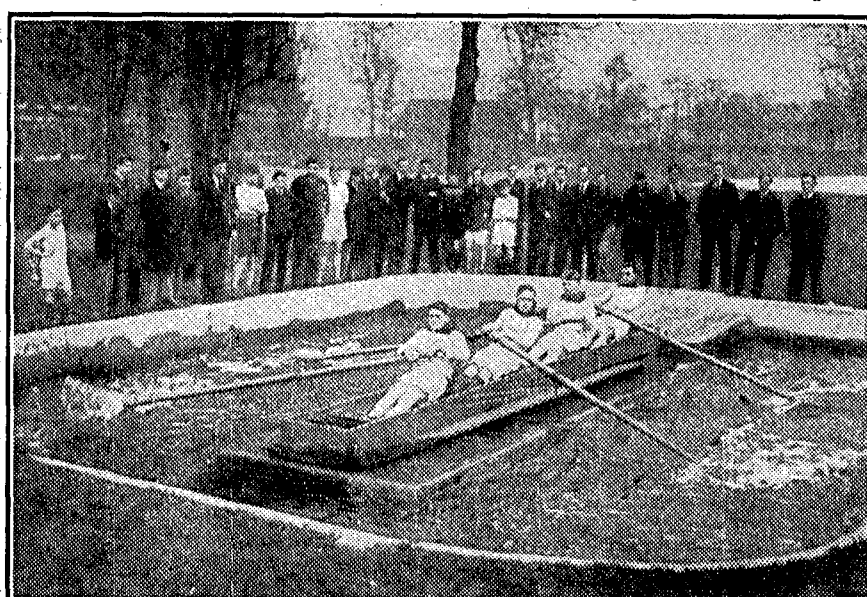
A Welcome Halt—There are still a great number of drinking fountains for horses in London in spite of this being the motor-car age. Here are two little girls giving their friends a well-earned drink after a ride in Hyde Park.



The Gardening Parade—These boys and girls of Wood Lane Open-Air School, which was opened last year, have turned two acres of weed-covered land into a fertile vegetable and flower garden.



Number, Please—Girls who wish to become London telephone operators receive lessons at an instructional telephone exchange at Clerkenwell. The working of a switchboard is here being explained to a class of learners.



Rowing on Land—The boys of Emanuel School at Wandsworth Common, London, have constructed in their playing-field this rowing tank, which is very useful for practice and instruction, and is said to be the only school rowing tank in England.

A GREAT CITY MANCHESTER BY ONE OF HER CITIZENS

The Fine Things the Northern
Capital Has Done

MR C. P. SCOTT
A FREEMAN

Manchester has had few more interesting tributes paid to it than this from its famous citizen Mr C. P. Scott, who has just received its freedom after editing the Manchester Guardian for 57 years. This is what Mr Scott said to the Corporation after signing the Roll.

What a city it is of which you have elected me as honorary freeman—a city known the world over, and the vast network of whose trade embraces the greater part of the habitable globe. It is, in truth, a metropolitan city—one which has sent forth its sons to represent it and to build up its fortunes as well as their own trade in distant lands.

Commerce and Culture

We are proud of being traders; the greatness of England has been built up on its trade, and it is in this northern region of England that its great manufacturing and exporting industries have been built up; they are the joint product of the enterprise, the taste, and the capital of our manufacturers, and of the skill and industry of our workpeople.

But it is not alone as a great mart that Manchester desires or deserves to be known. In an older day commerce was ever found to go hand in hand with culture, and it was in entire accord with this fruitful tradition that the first of the great provincial colleges was Owens College in Manchester, and that the later movement for converting these colleges into universities received its impulse from the same source.

Leading the Way

Who can estimate the gain to the mind and the whole fibre of the nation from these nurseries of the higher education which, following on Manchester's example, have sprung up in every great city of the kingdom? It was a revolution. Here for the first time in this country the higher education was brought to the doors of an industrial population. Not only was a cruel disability removed, but the intellectual forces of the nation were liberated for the nation's benefit.

Here, as ever, Manchester led the way. Nor did it rest content with an education in the liberal arts and the sciences alone; it established, by a fruitful alliance between the university and the city, a great technical college frequented by troops of students which cannot fail to fortify every enterprise which depends on the application of science to industry. It did more. It undertook itself one of the greatest feats of engineering. It reached out fifty miles and brought the sea to its doors.

Great Tasks Await

With the example before us of such achievements to what may we not aspire? Great tasks yet await us. Like all the other industrial towns which sprang up in Northern England at the time when machinery revolutionised the means of production, we suffered from the speed of haphazard development. The Factory Acts have remedied some of the evils thence arising; the Education Acts have remedied some others. But very much remains to be done. To abolish the slums, to restrain overcrowding, to reduce, if so it may be, our vast canopy of smoke—to bring light to the bodies as well as to the minds of the people—these are no easy tasks.

Yet they are not to be evaded. These are no party questions. They lie at the root of national well-being. They call upon all men of goodwill to grapple with them. It is, above all, because I am convinced that the governing body of this great city has alike the power and the will to deal with them that I am proud to become a freeman of Manchester.

NATURE'S WAY WITH THE SEA THE WIND AND THE DIATOMS

Something New About Food
for the Little Fishes

PARLIAMENT MAKES A
NATURALIST LAUGH

The memory of that fine naturalist Frank Buckland is kept green by many factors, but especially by a Lectureship founded from a fund he left for the investigation of those fish problems for which he ultimately sacrificed his life.

Professor Garstang, of Leeds University, a man after Buckland's own heart, has been the lecturer this year, and parts of his talks have been as fascinating as Buckland's own writings.

All fish life in the sea depends on great pastures of tiny vegetable specks called diatoms. It has always been known that abundant sunlight is necessary to produce the rapid growth of the diatoms essential for the food of fishes in the larval stage, upon which, in turn, larger fishes feed. What the world in general did not know until Professor Garstang told us is that these diatoms, like growths on land, require "manurial salts," nitrates and phosphates, which are carried down from the land into the sea.

Magic Restorers

After the winter these salts float abundantly on the surface to feed the diatoms, but as the season advances the force of gravity compels them to sink, so leaving the diatoms foodless. What can be done? Nature has the answer and the remedy.

The summer storms are the magic restorers of food for the diatoms. The winds churn up the sea, mix the waters, and bring the salts to the surface again; the diatoms resume their dinner, and so do the fishes. Scientific observation now makes it possible for owners of the fishing fleets to be informed how the diatoms and the fishes have fed and what sort of a harvest may be expected, so enabling fishermen to make the necessary preparations for the size of fleets and quantities of tackle.

Buckland used to roar with laughter when Parliament would sometimes propose a close season for fishing in the sea. He would point out that a close season for food fishes was also a close season for the enemies of the fishes, and that the less we fished the more the enemies multiplied. Professor Garstang agrees with Buckland.

Haddock and Herring

He shows that for every large haddock we catch we make the sea safer for the herring. Indeed, it is the heavy fishing by our trawlers and smacks, he believes, which is in the main responsible for the enormous shoals of herrings which are now a regular feature of our fishing season.

He repeats what we already knew as to the putting out to nurse of millions of baby plaice from inshore waters to the Dogger Bank, and adds that the catching of the big plaice enormously improves the chances of the small ones, and that, so far from our being in danger of over-fishing, for every plaice we catch the gap is immediately filled from inexhaustible reserves.

THE EGG IN THE NEST

Many strange beasts, with legs ranging from four to one hundred, are found at the London Docks among bananas. One large bunch actually reached its destination at a Penzance fruiterer's shop before its hidden treasure was discovered. Hidden away in it was a bird's nest with an egg in it!

THE PLANE THAT FLIES BY ITSELF A Robot in the Cockpit

A squadron of planes has flown from England to Scotland, 400 miles, without a touch on the controls from the hands of their pilots.

Their course was set as soon as the machines had been taken aloft by the airmen, and after that the new "automatic pilot" took charge.

This machine is said to be gyroscopic in principle. A gyroscopic wheel, having been put into rapid revolution, resists movement in any plane except that in which it is revolving. It preserves its balance as a rapidly-spinning top does, and if disturbed in any way, as when tilted right or left, or upward or downward, tends strongly to return to its original position.

Thus the gyroscopic regulator in the aeroplane corrects any improper tilting or swerving on the part of the plane. It does so by communication with the guiding and controlling mechanism which is usually under the pilot's hand.

The Gyroscopic Pilot

Thus one part of the mechanism controls the action of the elevators at the rear of the machine and keeps it on an even keel in a fore and aft direction. Other parts of the mechanism keep control over the sideways balance; or so control the rudders as to maintain the flight direction ordered.

It has been found possible to send up a plane without a human pilot at all, entrusting its ascent, journey, and descent to the automatic gyroscopic pilot.

That is a promise of the future. The planes that went to Scotland took airmen with them, who were there in case anything needed their attention. But on the journey they had nothing to do. The button had been touched. The pilot's assistant, as the mechanism is called, did the rest, and the pilots themselves could take their hands off the wheel.

What will be left for men to do when at the pressing of a button the machine does the work? The answer is that they will invent new machines.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The great terminal stations of London cover about 200 acres.

Fares on British railways last year were two million pounds lower than the year before.

An English library has been opened in the National Library of Vienna; it begins with about 500 books.

The Aerial Taxi

A service of aerial taxis has been introduced in Berlin.

New French Pillar-Box

Cases holding a barometer and thermometers are built into the sides of a new type of pillar-box in Paris.

Higher Yet

New York is to have a new skyscraper of 73 storeys, three storeys higher than any other.

Silent Bells

Hundreds of church bells in England are silent because of the shortage of bellringers.

On the Road to Rome

Cars are to be set aside for the express trains between Paris and Rome to allow passengers to have a shower-bath.

London's Trains

Between seven and eight thousand trains go through London above ground every day.

No Air Scouts

The Boy Scout Movement has decided not to start Air Scouts, in spite of pressure from the civil aviation authorities, it being felt that it would be too costly and little opportunity would exist for boys to do practical flying.

Lundy Island Coins

The owner of Lundy Island, off the North Devon coast, has been fined for issuing his own coinage.

LIVING TREASURE ON AN ISLAND THE OSPREY'S KNIGHT- ERRANT

What Scotland Lost and is
Finding Again

A POLYTECHNIC FILM

Some twenty years ago a robber stole the last osprey's eggs from the last nest made in Great Britain by these rare and beautiful birds.

The thwarted sea-hawks came no more to our little island. Over the sea they flew away to find a happier world.

At the London Polytechnic Captain C. W. R. Knight has been showing a wonderful film called *Sea Hawks*. It pictures for us the story of the last of the British ospreys, and then carries us from an islet in a Scottish loch three thousand miles across the Atlantic to the most remarkable osprey sanctuary in the world.

Captain Kidd's Treasure

Mr Clarence Mackay, a bird lover of New York, leases this island, which is off the coast of America, and here some three or four hundred ospreys nest every year in primeval freedom, unmolested by the cruel robber-collector who is of the same selfish breed as the litter lout, and even more contemptible.

Red Indians once possessed this island, and real treasure has been hidden on it, for on a stone is written: "Captain Kidd's treasure was buried in this hollow and recovered in 1699."

Three months of patient watching and waiting were spent on the island by Captain Knight, and from his hiding-place close to a nest he made a living picture of the rearing of an osprey family.

How Baby Osprey is Fed

Because of the security of this land the ospreys build nests in the queerest situations, such as rocks, upturned tree-roots, and even on the seashore. Enormous, strongly-built nests are balanced on the tops of tall trees; sometimes they are so heavy that the trees collapse. Some of the sticks used in building are too heavy to be lifted, but the ospreys get them there all the same by dragging them along the ground.

When father osprey goes fishing for the family with a sh-shoo-oo-oo of wings he rises from the nest and sails into the blue air. Over the water he hovers, then dives with a terrific crash to seize his prey. When he emerges a huge fish is in his great claws. Head foremost, the fish is carried five miles by father osprey back to the nest where the eager family is waiting to devour it. Like lightning mother osprey picks out chunks of the fish with her sharp beak and puts them into the baby osprey's mouth.

Mrs Grackle's Respect

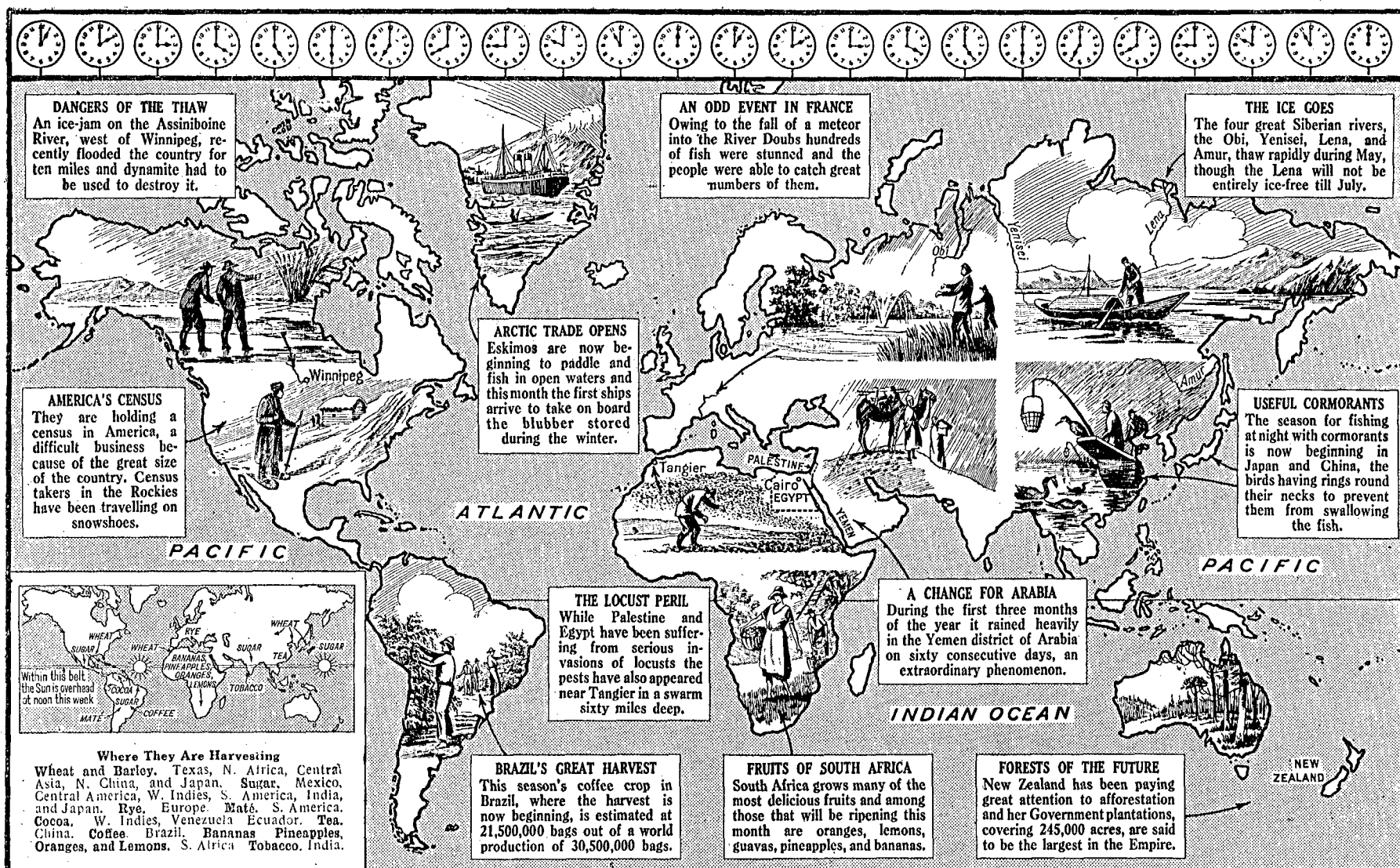
Built in and under the enormous nest of the busy osprey family are three little grackles' nests. It is touching to see the confidence of these smaller and more humble birds living their absorbing family lives so near to the formidable-looking ospreys. All the same Mrs Grackle has a very wholesome respect for Mr and Mrs Osprey, or perhaps it is curiosity. The film shows her constantly popping out of her nest and peeping up at the high life in the palace above her.

Many other interesting things are shown in the film concerning the doings of hawks, terns, herons, and of Captain Knight's golden eagle Mr Ramshaw. The slow-motion pictures are amazing. Hawking is also illustrated, and we are told how the osprey was trained in Scotland during the Middle Ages to catch fish.

The film ends with a surprise which delights everybody, for it shows our Knight-Errant of the Ospreys bringing four young ospreys from four nests to Scotland, and liberating them on the island that was so plundered twenty years ago.

Pictures on page 9

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



LONDON'S ESCAPE

Air Raids We Never Heard

Through the first weeks of April the Royal Air Force attacked London with fifty of their best bombing planes.

London slept through it all. The attack came and went less noticed than Summer Time. If a wakeful Londoner heard the zoom of a night-flying plane overhead he put it down as some peaceful air-mail on a night journey.

One of the reasons why Londoners heard so little of the machines which were assailing their homes is that London's inner defences were never pierced by the bombing squadrons set in motion against the sleeping city.

London was sleeping, but its defenders were wide awake. The squadrons from the outer aerodromes were beaten off. It is said that a new automatic "hearing" instrument gave such astonishingly sound information as to their numbers, direction, and speed of approach, that there was no real danger. *A real raid might be on us before we knew it.*

GREEN STREET OR RUBBISH HEAP

The shameful practice of dumping the rubbish of towns under the noses of people who live in the country has aroused great indignation at Green Street Green in Kent.

It is said that for years past part of this district has been used as a rubbish heap, and the Bromley Rural Council has been called upon "in the name of chivalry and decency to cease making the village a rat-infested sewer."

It is more than time that such things were stopped everywhere, and that rubbish of all kinds was properly destroyed in the interests of health and also in the interests of economy.

It can no longer be said that a local authority is competent while it allows these horrible dumps to rise in its midst, an eyesore to all who pass by and a danger to all who live near.

DOGS WILL BE DOGS

And Heroes Will Be Heroes

Terriers are celebrated as busybodies. If one were introduced into the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace he would start poking about for traces of rat, and if another were transported by aeroplane to Mont Blanc he would start investigating its rabbiting possibilities.

That is why a terrier found himself on a ledge 250 feet below the cliff-top at Beachy Head the other day. If he had minded his own business and kept to heel all would have been well, but was ever a terrier that could mind its own business? He went prying into the private affairs of a rabbit, and then found himself on this ledge, unable to go backward or forward.

He would be on the ledge to this day, or his bones would be there picked clean by gulls or crows, but for Signalmen Bearn and Warren.

They spent two hours in rescuing the silly little dog from the results of its own folly. They had themselves lowered 250 feet down the cliff, and with great difficulty managed to get themselves and the terrier to safety.

During the rescue work there was a fall of rock, and Bearn was badly bruised, but he would not give up. If dogs will be dogs, heroes will be heroes.

GLASTONBURY

We entirely agree with all those who have been complaining of the setting-up of a car park in the shadow of the ruined abbey at Glastonbury.

It is said that the trustees of the ruins could have easily saved them from this indignity, and it is particularly unfortunate when trustees of such sites are blind to the danger of spoiling them in this way.

Nobody who knows Glastonbury, however, will be surprised, for we suppose there is no place which has held its sacred tradition so lightly, letting its beauty pass before its eyes until it will hardly be possible to spoil the place more.

HOW TO DO IT

French Parliament to Vote Quickly

We were considering recently the waste of time over voting in Parliament. We now learn that the French Chamber of Deputies is to have an electric machine for voting purposes.

An electric key is to be fitted to every seat, and when a vote is taken each member will turn the key to the right if he means Aye or left if he means No.

The currents switched on by the keys will cause tokens to fall into the two scales of a balance, and the numbers will be automatically thrown upon big dials visible to the whole Chamber.

NOTHING LIKE IT

Is this not worth passing on far and wide? We take it from the Daily News, where it is signed "Kentish Yeoman."

As a young man I was offered the choice of a good position in a thriving town business or a life of toil and worry on a farm. I chose the farm.

No town is big enough to hold a real freedom-loving man. No pictures can equal the moving pictures of the hills. No sport can compare with fighting through a wet harvest or a rough lambing time. No music can approach the music of the living gale crashing over the uplands. No wealth is comparable to the riches of our English countryside, and no soft town job is capable of yielding such true enjoyment of life as that which is the lot of the English farmer.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

James I silver cup	£3300
Louis XVI bureau	£2000
Chippendale wardrobe	£1155
George II octagonal tray	£1080
18th-century silver kettle	£520
Charles II porringer	£490
George I coffee-pot	£232
Queen Anne walnut stool	£150

TIME'S AMNESTY

Prince and the Mahdi's Son REMARKABLE CHANGE OVER THE SUDAN

The Prince and the Sheik shook hands at Khartoum.

The Prince was Edward Prince of Wales, the Sheik was Sir Sayad el Mahdi. He was the son of the Mahdi who besieged General Gordon in Khartoum, and whose tribesmen slew that recklessly brave Englishman on the steps of the Residency.

That all happened before the Prince was born, and it was not for long years after that Kitchener wiped out the bitter injury at the Battle of Omdurman.

The Mahdi was himself dead then, and it was his successor the Khalifa who was defeated; but in 1898 Kitchener ruthlessly destroyed the Mahdi's tomb and scattered the ashes of the dead to the four winds.

It was in a truer spirit of the Christian tolerance which Gordon believed in that the Residency where he was killed was converted into a Memorial College to which Arab chieftains come, and it is in that spirit that, after all these years, the heir to the Throne receives the son of one of our ancient enemies.

Who can say that the world is not moving onward?

NEXT YEAR'S BOAT RACE

It is early to talk of next year's Boat Race, but those who make the choice of the crews will be watching closely for likely men in the rowing events which take place at Oxford and Cambridge during the term which has just begun.

As Oxford, by losing this year's race, has dropped behind Cambridge in the number of wins for the first time since 1862, a special effort is certain to be made to bring the wins next year to 41 each.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 3

1930

Introducing a Certain Woman

IN these days when life is hard we may all remember the motto of Cecil Rhodes, *Do the comparative*. He himself did it when he was in disgrace. "I am in prison, but I might be dead," he said.

We think of it because we hear of the brave burst of enthusiasm of a woman who exclaimed the other day: "But see how well off I am; I might be helpless." Who would imagine from that remark that she is blind? She is the wife of a working man, and the anguish of lost vision descended upon her in the full vigour of middle life.

She is too blithe and cheerful to enter on an analysis of the way in which she obtained her mastery of life. She has passed from sight to sightlessness, bringing into her new condition practically all the arts and skill of which she used to be master.

A forty-years residence in one house has familiarised her with every nook and cranny of her home, and she runs about it with the agility of a girl. Nothing seems beyond her capacity. Although she could have help in her housework she gaily refuses to think of it.

She does the washing and lights her own copper fire. She does the cooking, baking, and boiling. The other day she appeared at the house of a friend, saying: "Here you are, my dear, you must have a piece of my cake. I made it and baked it and iced it myself." And the report is that the cake was most excellent.

Some little time ago she received a jacket as a present, and she made up her mind that she would have a skirt to match. To select the material was beyond her, but someone hunted all over London until the cloth was found. Then this splendid woman made herself a skirt, entirely by touch; and again her friends report that the work is excellent.

Such are the heroines of our everyday life. She does not realise that her response to the challenge of adversity is in any way praiseworthy. To her it is a matter of course that, because she can do a thing, she shall do it. Her valiant heart is never cast down; she is always the most cheery and mirthful of the company she is in, and only marvels that her friends should think her feats remarkable. "You mustn't be sorry for me," she will say. "I can do everything; think of those who can do nothing."

Without knowing it this poor brave woman is a sermon and an inspiration to all who know her, all whose lot is happier. Like Cecil Rhodes she *does the comparative*.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



How Are the Daffodils?

ENGLAND has fewer telephones a head than Iceland, we are told.

We can well believe it, for the telephone is surely the most expensive luxury between Land's End and John o' Groats.

It costs us the sum of fivepence to ring up a little wood twenty miles away to ask how the daffodils are, more than it costs us altogether to write to New Zealand, to ride from Fleet Street to the Bank, to buy an evening paper, and to put a mile in the hospital box.

In the Museum

HAVE you ever thought of asking for information when you are at a museum and are puzzled? There are, if you will only look, certain grave officials usually lurking about.

The other day, Mr. Vachell the novelist tells us, he got a curator in some museum to show him some Carolean plate. Mr. Vachell thanked him for his courtesy. And what was this good man's reply?

"I thank you," he said. "It is so dull for me! Few of the thousands who come here take the trouble to ask questions which I am paid (not too handsomely) to answer. They moon in; they moon out!"

Please, C.N. readers, do remember to make the most of these good people.

Putting the Clock Back

WE see that a wise man has been grumbling that Grantchester has put its clock right after having it standing at ten minutes to three as a tribute to Rupert Brooke, who lived at Grantchester and asked in one of his poems if the clock was still at ten to three.

But surely it was an entirely wrong idea to have this clock annoying every passer-by in the name of Rupert Brooke. Poetry is the very essence of truth, and there are better ways of remembering a poet than by keeping a clock wrong. Rupert Brooke needs no such curious memorial. He is happily established in the hearts of English people for all time; he is for ever England.

Getting There Slowly

THE world does move.

In ancient Greece, when one city had a dispute with another, they settled it by calling upon some neutral city to arbitrate "according to the custom of their ancestors." It was one of their greatest warriors who declared it a crime to treat as an enemy one who was willing to arbitrate.

That was 4000 years ago, and the same thing has now been said by three nations at St. James's Palace.

This we can say of the road to the Millennium—everybody treads it slowly.

The Mysterious Power Within Us

How much do we understand about personality? Not much.

Only the other day one of our critics assured his public that, listening-in to some German comedians, he, who has no German, and thus did not follow a word they were saying, fell into convulsions of laughter, so vividly did their individualities come to him.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson says that "when you are gripping your audience it feels as though there was a rope stretched taut between you and them; if the rope sags it means that you have lost your hold."

The Friend of the Litter Lout

OUR motoring hampers are supplied with throw-away plates, so that there is nothing to pack up after the meal.

A big firm of caterers

Tip-Cat

BRIGHTON considers it is over-rated. Everybody it does not agree with will agree with it.

MOTORS are said to be ruining young folk. Simply knocking them all to pieces.

SOME are always talking about their work. And have no time to do it.

LORD FORTESCUE does not think deer are much frightened of being hunted. Of course peers would like it.

BUT will it help to save us by turning battle-ships into motor-cars?

THE motor-car, says Mr. Ford, has increased intelligence. Looking at some drivers we beg leave to doubt it.

EVEN enamel signs have good uses. The bricklayer's carter says the bricks slide off beautifully.

BLACK eyes are said to be lucky. Yet everybody would sooner give than receive them.

Your Pulpit

Not only words, but actions too (And louder these) a sermon speak. On Sunday you are in the pew, But in the pulpit all the week.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

AN unknown friend has sent £300 to the Treloar Cripples Home.

OVER 80,000 people have signed a petition against the cruelty of stag-hunting.

We Two

The Naval Conference has stopped Anglo-American rivalry for all time and established the English-Speakers as the dominant power in civilisation.

O ENGLISHMEN!—in hope and creed, In blood and tongue our brothers!

We too are heirs of Runnymede; And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed

Are not alone our mother's.

THICKER than water, in one rill Through centuries of story Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still

We share with you its good and ill, The shadow and the glory.

JOINT heirs and kinfolk, leagues of wave

Nor length of years can part us:

Your right is ours to shrine and grave,

The common freehold of the brave,

The gift of saints and martyrs.

OUR very sins and follies teach Our kindred frail and human:

We carp at faults with bitter speech,

The while, for one unshared by each,

We have a score in common.

John Greenleaf Whittier

Behind the Curtain

I SEE something.

What do you see?

I see a curtain, thick and black.

Is there not a chink of light anywhere? None.

What do you hear?

I hear wailing.

No song?

None.

Are you sure?

Just then I heard a rustle, and there is a faint light.

What is it? Peep quickly.

A bird was shielding her young with her wings from a destroyer.

Oh! Why?

She loves them. She has given her life for them.

Then there is Love behind the curtain? Yes.

It cannot be quite pitch dark, then.

It seems to be, except for a faint far-off glimmer which might be a primrose wood in springtime.

It cannot be as dark as it seems to be, then.

Perhaps it is only seeming.

Perhaps we're dreaming.

Perhaps when we wake . . .

The Prayer of St. Richard

Thanks be to Thee my Lord Jesus Christ

For all the benefits which Thou hast given me,

For all the pains and insults which Thou hast borne for me.

Oh most merciful Redeemer, Friend and Brother,

May I know Thee more clearly,

Love Thee more dearly,

And follow Thee more nearly.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If Gandhi is worth his salt

says the bricks slide off beautifully.

PEACE MOVES ON ONE MORE BIG STEP The Three Greatest Naval Powers in the World Agree LIKE SINKING THE ITALIAN FLEET

History, which takes long views, will say that great things were done at the London Naval Conference of 1930; we, who are close to it, are apt to take a shorter view and think more of what we have failed to do than of what we have achieved.

Yet the fact is that the tonnage to be sunk as a result of the Conference is equal to the sinking of the whole Italian Fleet.

Also it has fixed for ever the solid power of the English-speaking race as a factor in world affairs.

Making the Yardstick

The Conference was one of a series which began at Washington eight years ago, and has been continued from time to time at Geneva, to arrange first for the limitation and then for the reduction of armaments. The idea is that competition can only be brought to an end by an agreement among the nations as to how large their armies, navies, and air forces shall be *in relation to each other*; and that when these *proportions* have been agreed on it will be comparatively easy to make reductions as confidence grows.

First of all it was necessary to agree on a method of measuring strength in armaments, and the first important thing that has happened at the Conference is that the five greatest Naval Powers have agreed on a method of measuring. They have made their yardstick, as General Dawes called it.

A Very Great Achievement

The second great thing that has been done is that the three greatest Naval Powers (Britain, America, and Japan) have agreed on the *proportion* their navies should bear to each other. This broadly makes Britain and America equal and gives Japan a little more than the three-fifths of either of the other two. It is a very great achievement to have brought in Japan.

The third achievement is that after agreeing on the proportions of their fleets these three Powers have agreed also on their actual size, fixing the total tonnage for each.

Again, at Washington eight years ago all five Powers agreed on a proportional limitation of battleships (that was easy for France and Italy because they had given up battleships as useless monsters), but left themselves free to replace old ships by new. Now it has been agreed to build no more new battleships till 1936 (when the next Five-Power Conference is to be held) and to scrap so many of those in existence as to give Britain and America 15 each and Japan nine as against the 20, 18, and 12 they now possess.

The Failures

So much for the successes of the Conference: now for its failures. France and Italy have agreed about the yardstick, but they cannot agree as to its application. They cannot agree, that is, as to the relation of their fleets to each other. France says her fleet must be larger than Italy's; Italy says the two must be equal. And this quarrel has prevented France from agreeing with the three Great Powers as to the relation of her fleet to theirs. But Britain is to continue, as opportunity arises, to discuss these matters with France and Italy, and for this reason the Conference in theory is not closed, but simply stands adjourned.

But not before it has saved, in existing ships and ships which were to have been built, 460,000 tons of ships.

One important result of this failure is that Britain, America, and Japan have had to say that their agreement to

100,000 PEOPLE IN TROUBLE

ONCE again a great staple industry of the country has been completely disorganised by a wage dispute, and the country is wondering whether a wiser spirit on either side might not have saved the conflict.

It was in the hope of saving a conflict that an impartial Court of Inquiry was appointed. The Court, in its judgment, declared that bad trade and foreign competition had so reduced the demand for our higher-priced woollen goods that the trade could no longer afford to pay the present wages; and it proposed reductions about half as big as those the masters had at first demanded.

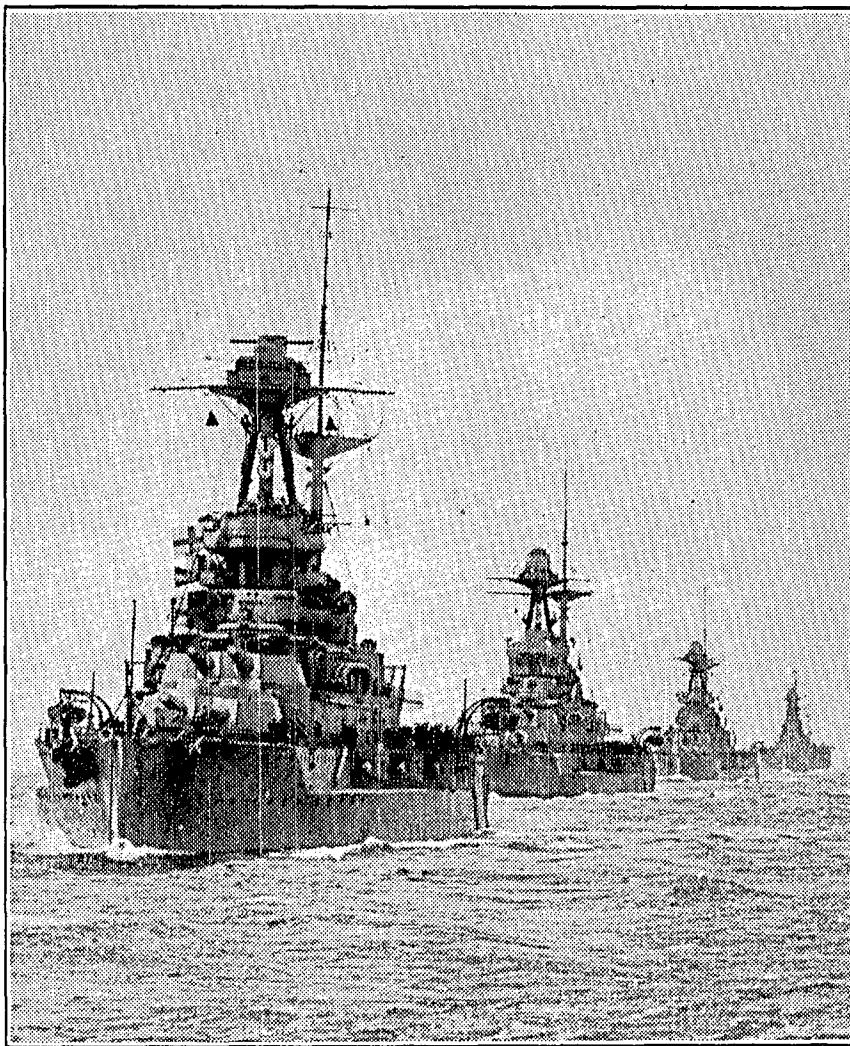
The men's leaders were naturally opposed to any reduction at all; but, instead of trying to negotiate for as

small reductions as possible, they put it to a vote by ballot whether or not lower wages were to be accepted at all. A majority said No.

Later on the National Council of the Trade Union Congress tried to save a fight by proposing fresh discussions with the employers, but the employers steadily refused to meet them. And so the moment came when all who would not accept the wage reduction were told they need not come to work.

Some 100,000 workers are affected by the dispute; but the trade union organisation is bad and many of the workers disregarded the decision of the majority and remained at work. This, of course, has greatly weakened the position of the unions and their leaders in the struggle.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN



The end of the Naval Conference so far is the destruction of old ships or the cancelling of new ones equal to the sinking of the whole Italian Fleet. We are to turn the Iron Duke into a training ship, useless for war, and to destroy the magnificent fleet seen here—the Marlborough, Emperor of India, Benbow, and Tiger. So perish all battleships!

Continued from the previous column

limit their own shipbuilding must be dependent on other Powers not going in for shipbuilding programmes which would upset the present proportions.

We have all been feeling rather angry with France for her big demands and with France and Italy for their failure to agree; but it is well to remember that only three years ago, at Geneva, Britain and America failed to agree in almost the same way. So we must be patient. It is certainly a great thing to have got France and Italy to discuss matters so closely through all these weeks. There are fears and suspicions behind this disagreement as to ships, and it is for the other Powers to help to smooth away these also if they can. Who shall doubt, in this new and more reasonable world of ours, that they will ultimately succeed?

The other failure concerns submarines. Britain, America, and Japan, of course, have agreed on the proportion in which they will build them. But Britain and

America would have liked to abolish them altogether, and Italy would have abolished them too if battleships could have been abolished at the same time. But France would not hear of it. A limit in size has been agreed upon, but it is the size of France's biggest boat, and few others have thought of building boats as big. And there has been no agreement to limit numbers. It is agreed that merchant ships must not be sunk till passengers and crew have been removed.

But that agreement has been made before—and broken. It will be broken again if there is another war: you cannot humanise a horrible thing.

Step by Step must be our motto. Our First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Alexander, says the Conference has saved us an expenditure of 70 million pounds in the next six years, and President Hoover says it has saved the three chief Naval Powers 500 million pounds. Britain, America, and Japan, at any rate, have set a wonderful example to the world.

A BISHOP READY FOR PRISON STRANGE POSITION

A Law Court Says He Must Not Uphold the Law

DISOBEDIENT CLERGY

It would be a strange thing if a man were sent to prison in England for trying to enforce the law, yet the Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Barnes, says that is what may happen to him; and he is ready to go!

There are certain things done in Roman Catholic churches which some members of the Church of England think it right to do in English churches, but they are against the law. And he is certainly right, for when changes in the Prayer Book were proposed which would have made it legal to do even a part of these things the House of Commons twice refused to allow the changes to be made.

Illegal Teaching

Dr. Barnes holds that since the Reformation certain teaching of the Roman Catholic Church about the Communion Service has been rejected by the Church of England, but he says that when he became Bishop of Birmingham he found that services were being held in many of the churches in which this rejected teaching was assumed to be true.

He says that when he gave instructions that such services should cease his orders were defied in 15 of these churches, though each of the clergymen ministering there had taken a solemn oath of obedience to his bishop. He says he could not bring himself to enforce his authority in these spiritual matters by "going to law," but he resolved that whenever vacancies should occur he would refuse to confirm the appointment of the new vicars unless they would do as he required and keep the law.

An Unhappy Affair

Last November a new clergyman, Mr. Simmonds, was appointed to one of these churches, St. Aidan's at Small Heath, and he failed to promise that there should be any change there in these matters. So the bishop refused to institute him, whereupon an action was brought in London to compel Dr. Barnes to institute Mr. Simmonds. Dr. Barnes had decided beforehand that if this were done he would not defend himself. He believes that as bishop he ought to be able to preserve sound doctrine and to get order without fighting law cases.

The Chancery Judge was anxious to hear what he had to say in reply to the demand, but there was no one to tell him; so there was nothing for the judge to do but make the order which the bishop declares he feels bound to disobey. He is ready, he says, to go to prison rather than obey it. He believes Parliament would then step in to put things right. But nobody expects that it will come to that.

It is an unhappy business, and it shows once more how impossible it is for a Church established by the law of the State to preserve its independence. One of the extraordinary things about it is that the group of men who have chosen Mr. Simmonds for the vacancy at St. Aidan's includes the Bishop of Truro, so that we have a bishop encouraging disobedience to the authority of his own episcopal brother!

THREE GUNS

An American inventor has devised what are said to be three of the deadliest machine guns in the world.

One is capable of firing 800 shots a minute at a range of 9 miles; another is said to be able to fire 1,400 shots a minute; the third is declared to send bullets 13 miles at the rate of 800 a minute.

PROGRESS SINCE THE WAR

HAPPIER LOT OF THE WORKERS

Shorter Hours, Better Pay,
Lessened Risks

AN EXPERT'S SURVEY

It is right that we should be anxious about the extent of unemployment in Europe more than ten years after the war, and should try to find ways of lessening it. But there is a brighter side to the picture which we should do well to remember.

Here is the judgment of a close observer, Mr. H. B. Butler, given to the Manchester Statistical Society:

Millions of workers throughout Europe are considerably better off than they were before. Their hours of leisure are longer, their conditions of employment better, and they have an increased measure of protection against the misfortunes of life.

Real Wages

And this in spite of the depression which has marked many of the post-war years in nearly every European country; in spite, too, of the fact that in some countries there has been no increase in what are called the real wages of the workers—that is, the actual quantity and quality of the things they can buy with their wages.

When peace came, with old tyrannies overthrown and new democracies started everywhere, hopes rose high for the social well-being of the common people; but the great and sudden revival of prosperity was followed by a world-wide slump and many of the new democracies soon became autocracies, for it is not necessary to be an emperor to be autocratic. Yet in spite of these things, and in spite of unemployment, "on the whole the general advance accomplished immediately after the war was maintained," and there is no country in which considerable improvements in the regulation of industrial conditions have not been made in the last seven years.

Hours of Work

To begin with, in 21 out of the 25 countries of Europe there is a general law forbidding the employment of the workers for more than eight hours a day or 48 hours a week without extra pay; and of the remaining four countries Britain, Ireland, and Denmark have eight-hour agreements in all important industries, though Estonia has a 48-hour week on her railways only.

In the same way we have wide agreement in the protection of women, young people, and children, based on international treaties; the suppression of child labour, for instance, being now practically universal.

The difference in what are called real wages, however, remains very great. In Britain, Sweden, and Denmark they are about the same, but in Holland they are 13 per cent lower, in Germany 29 per cent, in France 47 per cent, in Austria and Spain 55 per cent, and in Italy actually 58 per cent lower than they are here, while in America they are actually 91 per cent higher.

Spread of Insurance

Another remarkable development since the war is the spread of insurance: unemployment, health, old age, and so on. Germany and Britain, of course, began before the war, while France is only now making a wide extension of insurance; but the principle has spread throughout Europe, even in countries where wages are very low. In Britain the expenditure, contributed by employers, workers, and the State, amounted in 1928 to 154 million pounds. That in Germany, with its much larger population, was 260 million pounds. In France last year they spent 32 million pounds, but the new law there will bring it up to 80 millions.

A LIBRARY FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY?

THE swing doors of the National Gallery are magic casements through which the passer-by in Trafalgar Square may pass from the roar of London into realms of fairy-like beauty.

Many who so pass ask for no more. They look at the works of the masters and seek no further information than the canvases themselves afford.

But there are some who, looking on them for the first or second or oft-repeated time, would like to know more of the painter, who he was, where he lived, and from what other teacher he first learned his craft.

If such an intelligent seeker after the springs of beauty should be fortunate enough to enter the Gallery on the day and at the hour when the Gallery's ready lecturers are speaking he will learn

all that and a great deal more than that. He could not learn in any better way, for these lecturers are men of taste and understanding with the pleasantest and easiest way of imparting their great knowledge. But the Londoners who have time or opportunity to attend these lectures are few in comparison with those who must snatch an infrequent hour when best they can to see the nation's treasures. It is for these that the opportunity of finding easily the information they seek might be offered in a different way.

Should there not be a National Gallery Reference Library of well-chosen volumes, where they could gather all the information they need and much more that would add a new pleasure to their inspection of the pictures?

IMMOVABLE STATUES

KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH's statue has stood for more than a century where Gracechurch Street, Cannon Street, and King William Street meet in the City. It is said he may now have to go.

The traffic demands subways which cannot be built without moving King William. But it will tax all the powers of the City Corporation.

There will certainly be people to protest against the removal, though perhaps most of those who have passed by during many busy years have seldom looked at the statue and could hardly have said whose it was.

They manage these things better in Paris, where there is a depot known as the cemetery of undesirable monuments, to which statues which are in the way are removed.

One of the latest to go, in order to make room for parking motor-cars, is that of Jules Simon, once a Premier of

France. It is not a beautiful piece of sculpture, and the shopkeepers have long complained about the inconvenience inflicted on them by the room taken up by the frock-coated figure. The statue of Victorien Sardou, who wrote plays, is also to go.

But the statues are not moved without protest, and the families of the politician and the dramatist are to be consulted about finding new sites for them.

That is the best thing to do with these memorials; but the idea that a statue, however unattractive or ill-suited to its surroundings, should never be moved from them is absurd.

Buildings are pulled down, pictures are compulsorily retired to lumber rooms, people and books have their day and pass away. Why should, then, a statue claim the immortality of always remaining in the same place when all that made it notable has passed away?

THE GOOD AND THE BAD MOSQUITOES

A FEW years ago a French scientist, M. J. Legendre, discovered, at Portrieux in Brittany, a meek and amiable mosquito never known to bite; and in 1924 he introduced it into a mosquito-infested village called Pons in the hope that it might oust the vicious mosquitoes that flourished there.

Surprising to relate, his hope was realised: the virtuous mosquitoes did actually oust the vicious ones, and today at Pons there are only well-behaved mosquitoes, which do not bite human beings, and do not even enter human habitations.

Several times in 1927 and 1928 M. J. Legendre deliberately exposed himself on the edge of a marsh at Pons swarming with mosquitoes, and never once was he bitten; for all the mosquitoes were of

the imported non-biting brand. For more than a week, too, he kept hundreds of mosquito pupae and larvae in a box outside his open bedroom window, and none of the young mosquitoes entered the room or bit anyone outside.

A farm not far away, where biting mosquitoes were particularly troublesome, applied to M. Legendre for help. He supplied some hundreds of good mosquitoes. A month later the good mosquitoes had multiplied exceedingly and the bad ones had completely vanished.

M. Legendre states that there is in Brittany also a non-biting variety of malaria mosquito (the *Anopheles*), and he suggests that if it were introduced into districts where the biting *Anopheles* flourishes it might oust the biter and take its place.

CANADA MAKES FRIENDS WITH THE TREES

WHEN such sad things are happening to trees in our own land it is pleasant to know how the trees are growing in Canada.

In thirty years the settlers in the West have been given no less than a hundred million trees and cuttings to plant round their homesteads.

Not many years ago the farmers could not grow their own vegetables on the wind-swept plains; only the good-tempered potato seemed hardy enough to survive. Yet the people wanted to make their gardens beautiful, and they sent for trees from the Eastern provinces. These, however, nearly all died off because the climate was so different from their own.

Many of the settlers despaired of succeeding with the trees on those wide plains until some of them began to set

little cuttings and saplings from the nearest copses, and they grew. The Government quickly realised how useful these trees were going to be, for in the shelter they afforded all kinds of vegetables flourished. Forest Nursery Stations were set up, and experiments were carried out to discover the hardiest types. So rapidly has the system grown that now over three million trees are sent out every year, quite free.

A marvellous transformation has come about round the prairie farms in the area afforded by the Shelter Belt. Over 7600 farms have been so protected, and when the inspectors went round last year they found that 6800 had their own vegetable gardens, all flourishing in the beneficent shelter and cut off from the cold winds. Even such fruit as strawberries can be grown.

FLORA'S LEAGUE

KEEP YOUR COUNTRY BEAUTIFUL

Saving the Wild Flowers for
the Fields and Lanes

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE

"And what is Tommy going to be?" asked the old gentleman in *Punch*.

"A butcher, sir," replied Tommy's mother; "he is so fond of animals."

Of course Tommy was thinking of the smart ponies he would drive, not of the cutlets he would deliver, but it is a good joke. The strange thing is that there should be flower-lovers so like Tommy that they become flower butchers.

They dig up wild flower roots and plant them in pots, where they die. If they know of a rare flower blooming at a certain spot they will strip every blossom so that it cannot seed. Because of this misplaced affection the roadsides are becoming less lovely, and certain flowers are in danger of dying out altogether.

The True Bird-Lover

These people are like the thoughtless folk who say they love birds and yet keep birds in a cage. They do not know the meaning of love, for love is the opposite of selfishness. The true bird-lover feeds the wild birds in winter, watches them rear their broods in spring-time, and learns their notes, without wanting to make them prisoners. The true flower-lover picks a little nosegay of primroses, but leaves the roots so that there may still be beauty in the lanes for all the world to enjoy. He leaves a few blossoms, too, for plants do not live for ever, and seedlings must take their place.

To enrol more of these true flower-lovers is the aim of Flora's League. When the League was born the C.N. wished it well, and it is pleasant to know that in the last year its membership has grown to well over 5000. Sir Charles Trevelyan, Minister of Education, is one of its supporters; and it is now affiliated to the Council for the Preservation of Rural England.

Children and the Flowers

Sir Maurice Abbot Anderson, the founder of the League, will have nothing to do with extremists. He has no sympathy with any movement to prevent children from picking wild flowers, but he would have them remember the old Nurse's injunction: "Leave something for the Duke of Rutland!"

"Why the Duke of Rutland?" little boys would ask, and she would retort that "His family name is Manners."

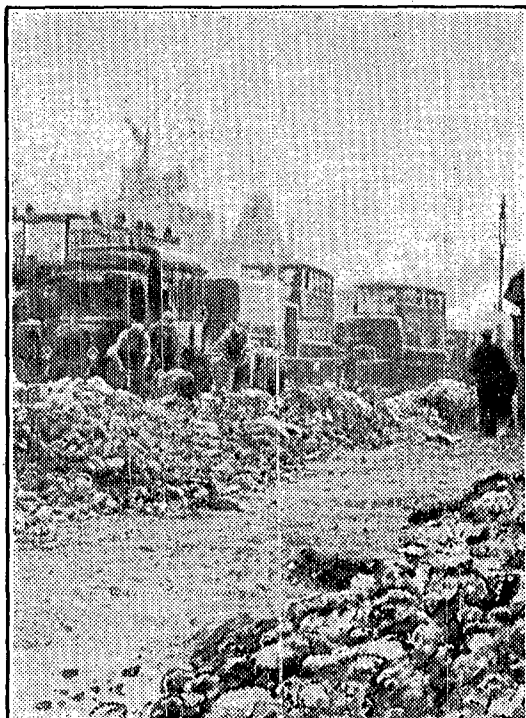
Let us leave something for other people. Let us leave the roots so that there may be more flowers again next year. Let us persuade our friends to behave decently also. That is all that is asked of members of Flora's League, and there is no subscription to pay. The badge costs a shilling, but elementary schoolchildren and Scouts may have it for twopence by writing to Sir Maurice at 10a, Abercorn Place, St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

Just now the world is full of leagues, unions, and societies, but no one need doubt the necessity for Flora's League. Mr. Henry Salt's book on Our Vanishing Wildflowers has made it only too plain that flowers need protection. To take but one instance, the primrose is becoming more and more rare within 50 miles of London, yet every roadside bank ought to be starry with it just now. We must do something to champion our flowers against selfish people if England is to be England still.

To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher
to use the Humane Killer

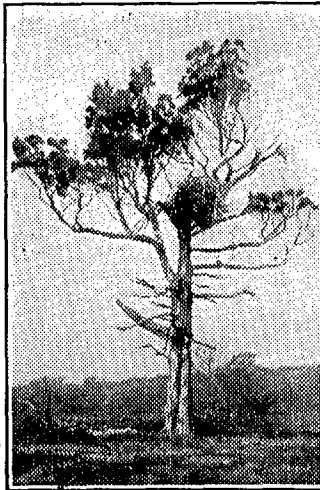
CAMPING DAYS • AT HOME WITH THE OSPREY • MOVING MOUNTAIN



A Familiar London Sight—The repairing of London streets is a task that never ends. This picture gives a glimpse of the traffic congestion caused by the relaying of the roadway in Piccadilly.



An osprey on the wing



A big nest in a treetop



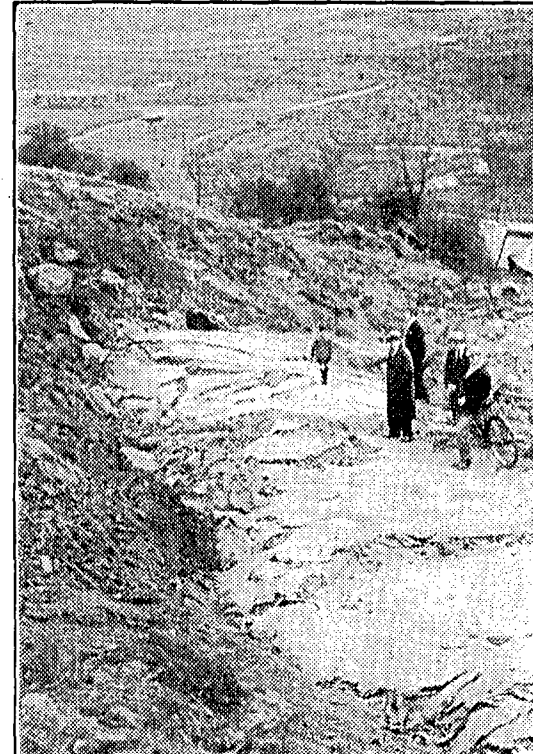
Attacking the Goal—An international lacrosse match was played at Merton Abbey recently between women's teams representing England and Wales. This picture shows an attack on the Welsh goal.



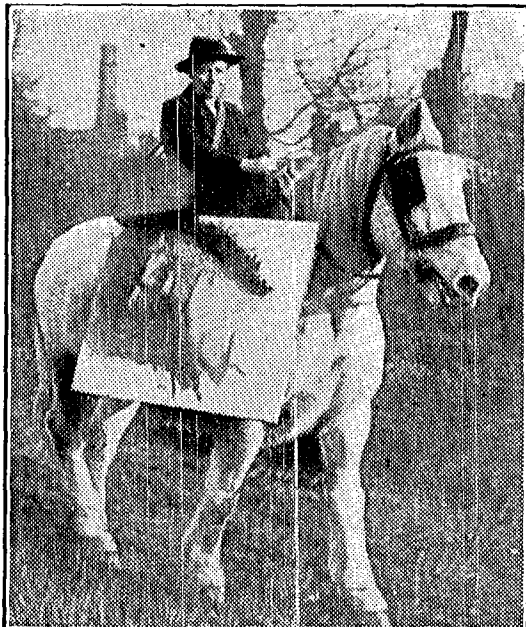
The Open-Air Life—Now the long days are here again many campers are enjoying week-ends under canvas. These young people on a farm near Uxbridge are drawing water from a convenient nearby stream.



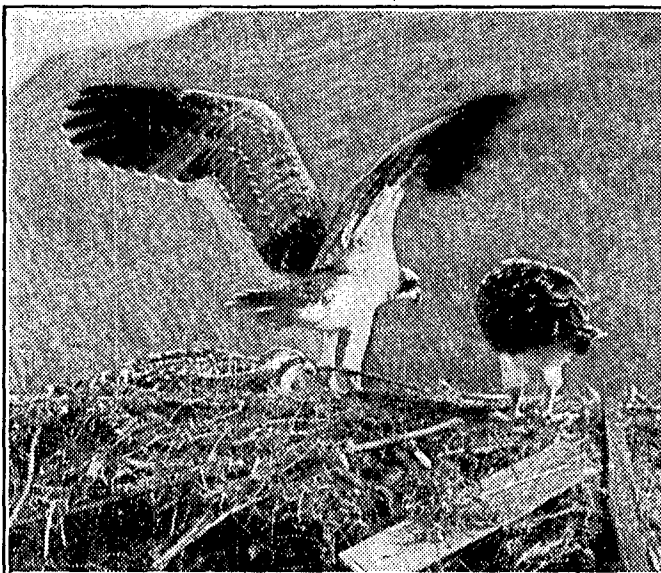
Returning to its nest on the ground with a fish caught at sea



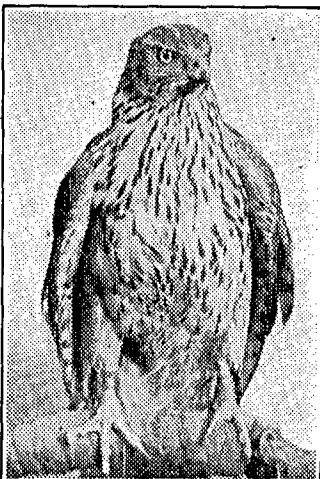
Mountain on the Move—Great damage is still being caused by the moving mountain in the Rhymney Valley. This picture shows a roadway at the New Tredegar colliery which has been rendered impassable. See page 12.



A Ride on the Model—Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, the distinguished painter of animals, especially horses, is here seen riding home on her horse Billie after painting his portrait. Miss Kemp-Welch has exhibited in the Royal Academy every year since 1894.



Three young ospreys nearly ready to leave the nest



A trained falcon in the film



Mr Ramshaw, the tame eagle

Captain C. W. R. Knight has been to an island off the coast of America where he has made a wonderful film of the life of the ospreys. Here are some pictures from the film, *Sea Hawks*. See page 4.



Next Winter's Fuel—At the Somerset village of Shapwick, near Glastonbury, one of England's oldest rural industries, the cutting of peat for fuel, is still carried on. Our picture shows the newly-cut peat blocks being stacked to dry during the summer.

WANTED, THREE THINGS FOR LONDON

THREE RICH MEN PLEASE COME FORWARD

A Big Telescope, a Planetarium, and a Carillon of Bells

MUSIC ON EARTH AND EYES ON THE HEAVENS

Three rich men are wanted for London, to follow the example of the bard who raised a mortal to the skies.

The first should give London a Big Telescope for the use of the common people.

The second should build a Planetarium in which the public could learn the movements, the comings and goings, of the heavenly bodies.

The third might confer on London a Carillon of Bells like that which has been making such glad music in Hyde Park.

A Beautiful Memorial

We will plead for the last first. England is the great bell-founding country. No land makes such good bells as England does, and that was why, when New Zealand wanted a carillon as a War Memorial for Wellington, she sent home for it.

It is a beautiful form of War Memorial, for in the tones of these bells, the like of which are often heard across the stricken fields of Flanders, there is no hint of war, but only an eloquent longing for peace. We wonder if it is by chance that so many of the tunes that the carillons play from the bell towers of the Netherlands are so often pitched in a minor key.

Airs That Bring Tears

In Holland and in Belgium, from Flushing to Utrecht and from Leiden to Bruges, the tunes seem always to have a gentle melancholy. We have heard airs to bring tears to one's eyes in the cheese-market of Alkmaar. But Alkmaar, like many another town in the Low Countries, has memories of sieges which struck down its townspeople in famine and bloodshed.

The carillon of London, most happily, would bring back no such memories as these. But grave or gay its tunes would be a delight, and we know no sounds which to an English ear speak more eloquently of peace.

The big telescope needs no such spiritual recommendation. It is a practical idea, which is so reasonable that we sometimes marvel that it has never been carried out. Here is Greater London, with a population of some eight million people, not ten thousand among whom have ever seen the rings of Saturn or the great nebula in Orion!

A New Universe

By the kindness and courtesy of the Astronomer Royal it is possible to visit Greenwich Observatory; but it would be extremely difficult for any ordinary citizen to obtain permission to sit in the dome of the Observatory at night and look through the large telescope at the Moon, the planets, or other heavenly bodies. The reason is that on nights of good visibility the Observatory staff has its work to do in making indispensable observations.

A big telescope, with an object-glass some eighteen inches in diameter, which the public might visit would reveal to Londoners a new universe; and the only objection to the scheme is that there would be, at first, more people who wanted to look through the telescope than could be accommodated.

A planetarium would accommodate more. A planetarium, of which there are six or seven in German and Austrian towns, is a big dome some 70 feet in diameter on which the movements of the visible stars and the planets, as well as of the Sun and Moon, can be followed as on the firmament.

It is in fact an artificial firmament, a dome of the sky. On it the planet-

UNCLE SAM'S CRADLE

Slipping Into the Water

Jamestown Island in Virginia, where Captain John Smith and his fellow-colonists established their first permanent foothold in North America 300 years ago, is in danger. The foothold is slipping into the sea.

The Atlantic, no respecter of antiquities, has been waiting for the tip of Jamestown Island for three centuries. The restless James River has been for almost as many years seeking to uproot traditions. Foot by foot the shore line is giving way before the waves and the seeping of a stagnant bog at the river's mouth.

America has rallied her forces to prevent this iconoclasm on the part of ocean and sea. The Antiquities Association of Virginia bought the western tip of Jamestown Island years ago and built a sea-wall to protect it.

Here was an ancient church where the Virginia settlers worshipped and the graveyard where they were buried. The first church, the first town, the first landing-place long since disappeared beneath the waters.

Something must be done to preserve what is left. Surely America with all its new millionaires can raise sufficient money and skill to prevent the rest of Uncle Sam's cradle from following the earliest relics of the landing into oblivion.

Already the island, with its twisted trees and desolate marches, looks deserted by all but its memories. The States should arise and preserve as a National Memorial the place where the first brave men and women met hunger and plague and savages—and conquered them all.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE CROW

From an Indian Garden

The Indian crow is generally credited with being one of the cleverest and most daring of birds in raiding for food, but a reader of the C.N. sends an account of how she saw a squirrel get the better of a crow in far-away Kashmir in a contest of wits and brisk movements.

The squirrel was carrying off a large piece of food when the crow swooped to snatch it. The chase went on for full five minutes. Up a spacious tree, round and round its trunk, from branch to branch and tree to tree, the squirrel quietly slipped and the crow rushed in boisterous pursuit, always near but never quite near enough to grab the prize.

At last the squirrel left the tree for the garden path. Now, surely, the crow would have that food! Not so. A quick little dart aside and the crow had gone too far, while the squirrel had disappeared through a hole into a seedling box to enjoy its meal in peace, while the crow gazed round unable to understand exactly what had happened.

Continued from the previous column

arium instrument, which is like a magic-lantern of a very special kind, throws points of light.

These points of light are the stars. The planetarium instrument is shaped like an observatory telescope. It can be moved all ways, and, instead of receiving rays from the stars, sends rays out from its thousand peep-holes. When these rays reach the dome a speck of light appears on it. The speck is the planet Venus, or Jupiter, or Mars, or the star Aldebaran, Vega, or Sirius.

Because, on its roller bearings, the light-spraying instrument can move in every way, stars, planets, and other lights of the sky can be made to move at any speed the director of the planetarium wills. It is thus that the movements of stars and planets, which cover years or months or ages, can be speeded up for the eye to see.

If such a building were put up in London thousands would visit it every week, and its cost at most would probably be about £80,000.

A LIFE OF THE WEEK

A Curse of the World

On May 5, 1821, died Napoleon Bonaparte.

Napoleon Bonaparte was a man of amazing cleverness and magnetic power, and that his deeds dazzled mankind must be admitted; but whether he was a truly great man will be contested more and more when, in the centuries to come, war appears like an evil dream.

Napoleon was born on the island of Corsica on August 15, 1769. His forefathers were Italians who settled in



Napoleon

Corsica, but as a youth he felt himself a real Corsican, and plotted against the French as owners of the island. When the Republic treated the Corsicans as French citizens he changed his views and became a French Republican.

As a student training to be an artillery officer he was diligent but unruly. Before he was 25 he became a brigadier-general. Before he was 26 his name had been struck off the list of generals because he refused to accept a command he did not like. But he was quickly restored to the command of the artillery to quell a rising in Paris. France was then being ruled by commonplace men who saw Napoleon was a quite exceptional man, and feared him. The French Army fighting against the Austrians in Northern Italy was in sore need of a clever commander, and the Government sent him out to a hard task.

France's National Hero

His success was swift and complete. He became the dictator and reorganiser of Northern Italy and France's national hero. He returned to France to do as he liked. England was the most dangerous enemy of the French Republic, and the Republic wished to strike at her by invading her, but Napoleon said No. His plan was to strike at her trade in Europe, and supplant her in the East by capturing India. He had his way, and was allowed to slip off with an army to Egypt, where he hoped to emulate the exploits of Alexander the Great more than 2000 years before.

He failed; his fleet was utterly destroyed off the Egyptian coast by Nelson, but he gained a showy victory within sight of the Pyramids, and broke up the Egyptian Government; and when he returned to France her affairs had been so unprosperous in his absence that he was felt to be her one sure hope.

What he did was in accordance with the will of the French nation. He disbanded the old Directorate Government, appealed to the people, and was made First Consul for ten years by three million votes against fifteen hundred. Soon he was made First Consul for life, by three and a half million votes against 8000. Then, after he had again routed the enemies of France, he was chosen Emperor of France.

Work For France in France

Napoleon was no usurper. He was again and again chosen to be ruler of France by the French people.

Also he deserved the gratitude of France by what he did for France in France. He settled her government. He made her wise laws. He removed from her people all fear of a return of the kind of oppression that had caused the French Revolution.

Why then was he not a great man? The reason is because he used the devotion of the French people to himself to conquer Europe and drench it with blood, to make his brothers kings, and to win unbounded glory for himself. He was a great soldier and a clever man, but entirely self-centred. So ruthless and dangerous was he that Europe at last turned upon him and beat him down for the common sake of mankind.

BATAVIA CALLS

A VOICE ACROSS 6000 MILES

How the League Protects the Health of the World

CHECKING EPIDEMICS

By Our League Correspondent

Hullo! Are you there? I have just arrived in Batavia; here is the first communiqué on the work of the Advisory Council of the Far Eastern Health Bureau, to be issued at the same moment in Batavia and at Geneva.

Just like that came a voice 6000 miles away, a three-weeks journey by the fastest train and steamer, and here it was, giving to an official sitting in his office at Geneva an account of the day's happenings in Batavia. Then, from Geneva, the Secretary General of the League of Nations spoke his welcome to the members of the Conference met together there in the Far East to discuss the work done by the League at its special health centre at Singapore.

Daily Talks by Telephone

It looks as if it will soon be unnecessary to travel over land and sea to attend a conference; arrange an adequate exchange and delegates will confer with each other without ever leaving their own office chairs.

That is not yet, however; but at least a regular service of daily communiqués by telephone kept Geneva entirely up to date with what was happening in Batavia a week or so ago. Delegates from practically all the Health Administrations of the Far East, including the Philippine Islands, were there, and their review of the work carried on at Singapore showed how widely it has developed since its beginnings in 1925.

Protection of health is now exercised over all the main seaports from Vladivostok to Bagdad; European and American ports obtain news, by wireless, of the state of health in the Far East and the danger of world epidemics is thus greatly reduced. Only the other day a French vessel was warned against entering a Chinese port suddenly attacked by an outbreak of meningitis. Steps are now being taken to impose strict sanitary measures, including adequate quarantine regulations, on air traffic because of the imminent danger, for example, of yellow fever travelling from Africa to the Far East.

Dr White's Fruitful Mission

This fine work of checking the spread of epidemics, of which the danger is increased with every improvement in travel and communications, is the result of a mission undertaken by a League official, Dr Norman White, in the early days. On his report the office was set up at Singapore to keep a look-out over the ports of the Far East, to receive immediate information of the outbreak of an infectious disease, and to warn all who might be concerned.

Weekly bulletins are received every Monday morning at Geneva giving the health news of over 150 ports, and this is distributed widely to whoever requires it. These warnings are so much appreciated that Africa is now asking for the same service.

200 VISITS ABOUT THE WORLD

Last year various groups of elementary and secondary schoolchildren paid 200 visits to foreign countries.

"And how will that help them to earn a living?" snorts Mr Gradgrind.

It will help quite a lot of them in their work, and it will help all of them to use their votes sanely when they grow up.

We are citizens of the world as well as citizens of the British Commonwealth. The better we understand other countries the better we shall be able to love and serve our own.

May 3, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

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THE GREAT BEAR'S FEET

A Fiery World Revealed
by the Spectroscope

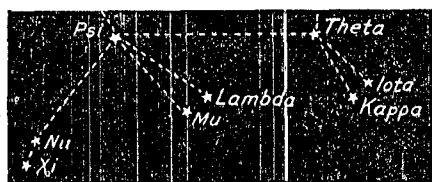
REMARKABLE PAIRS OF STARS

By the C.N. Astronomer

In our recent exploration of the region of the heavens represented by the Great Bear, Ursa Major, the stars composing his body and tail and subsequently his head were described; we have now the legs of this immense constellation to consider, and they are of great interest.

It happens singularly that three of his feet are indicated by three pairs of stars appearing at almost equal distances apart. As they are only a little way to the south of overhead between 8 and 9 o'clock they may be easily identified.

Our star-map shows the situation of each pair together with the adjoining stars of this splendid constellation. One fore foot of the Bear



The chief stars of the feet of Ursa Major

is not represented by any noteworthy stars, but the other is indicated by the two stars Iota and Kappa.

Iota is composed of two suns that appear very close together, one being of third and the other of tenth magnitude. The larger sun is 36 light-years distant, and is about the same size as ours. Kappa, a somewhat fainter star, is at a much greater distance.

Above these stars is Theta in Ursa Major, also composed of two suns, one of third and the other of thirteen and a half magnitude. It is most probable that the smaller sun of the pair revolves round the larger. They are at a distance of 45 light-years, the larger sun being somewhat larger than ours but very similar in type.

The stars Lambda and Mu in Ursa Major represent the right hind foot of the Bear. Little is known of Lambda, but Mu is a great sun radiating 20 times the light of ours and from a distance 3,940,000 times as far away. Its light takes 62 years to reach us.

A System in the Making

The stars Nu and Xi in Ursa Major indicate the other hind foot of the Bear. They are not quite so bright as the others. Nu is at the considerable distance of 72 light-years, and is composed of two suns, one of about fourth and the other of tenth magnitude, possibly another Sun and Jupiter system in the making.

Xi in Ursa Major is much the nearest and most interesting of them all. It is but twenty-two and a half light-years away, which partly accounts for our considerable knowledge of it. Through a powerful telescope it is seen to be composed of two suns, both very similar to ours but much smaller. Each one is about two-thirds as massive as our Sun. An average distance of about 1580 million miles separates them, a distance approaching that of Uranus from the Sun; but, while Uranus takes 84 years to revolve, these distant suns of Xi take nearly 60, so they do not travel much quicker than Uranus.

Now, one of these suns has been found spectroscopically to have a flaming world revolving round it at an average distance of 73 million miles; it is thus 20 million miles nearer than our world is to our Sun.

Though so much nearer, it takes a year and ten months to travel round its sun, so it moves at a much slower rate than our world, which perhaps it will resemble in long ages to come. G. F. M.

ANTICS OF A ZOO BABY

Chang Takes His Admirers For a Ride

THE LITTLE CAMEL WHO IS FAST GROWING UP

By Our Zoo Correspondent

In Easter last year Chang was a great attraction at the Zoo, for he was the first baby camel to be born in the menagerie for many years, and his mother Daisy was proudly introducing her offspring to the public.

This year, although he is no longer a baby, for he has grown so well that he is half the height of his parents, Chang has learned to carry small admirers on his back.

Ever since he was born Chang has been a pet. His mother, unlike many Zoo mothers, believed in allowing her baby to make friends with visitors, with the result that the little camel soon grew trusting and amiable. When he was six months old he was separated from his mother; and though they both cried for each other for five days and nights they recovered from their loss, and Chang then began to interest himself in his human friends.

Amusing Little Tricks

He learned to shake hands by lifting his right foreleg, and to beg for biscuits and fruit by raising first one front leg and then the other. He became quite playful. Whenever the keeper entered his den to sweep Chang would first remove the man's cap and then grab the broom.

The young camel still performs these amusing little tricks, but after celebrating his first birthday, on March 25, he found another way of winning the affection of the public, for he had become strong enough to carry two children on his back.

Teaching him to carry a passenger was not difficult; and he made no objection when the keeper placed a bit in his mouth. Now Chang gives rides to small children every morning.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

When Was the Guinea Last Struck in England?

In 1813; in 1817 its place as the standard gold coin was taken by the sovereign. It was first struck in 1663.

What Causes Hiccough?

The most common cause is undue distension of the stomach by being over-filled with food or drink, or by an accumulation of wind due to faulty digestion.

What Do Water Rats Feed On?

The so-called water rat is really the water vole and it feeds almost exclusively on aquatic plants and insects, but chiefly on plants.

How Many Millions of Miles Up Does the Sky Go?

If the air is meant then about 450 miles; but if space then, so far as we know, it is limitless, although some astronomers think there may be a limit even to space.

What is the Stone Age?

The age in the history of Man when his weapons and tools were made of stone. In the Palaeolithic, or Old Stone, Age the flints were very roughly formed, and in the Neolithic, or New Stone, Age the tools and weapons were much more finished.

Is it True That People Walk in Circles When Lost?

People lost in unknown country tend to wander round in wide circles, this being due to the fact that we are all right or left-handed and incline to right or left as the case may be.

What is Liquid Air?

Air that has been so reduced in temperature that it has changed from the gaseous to the liquid state. This takes place at minus 180 degrees Centigrade. The liquefaction of air is brought about by alternate compression and expansion in a special apparatus, the heat being extracted at each change.

C. L. N.

When the Tunnel Comes FRIENDLIER AND FRIENDLIER

Number of Members 15,633

When the Channel Tunnel comes at last, as come it will one day, we shall realise how small the world really is.

We shall become so familiar with the Continent that we shall begin to understand how needful it is to be friendly with everybody. You cannot cut off your nose or your finger or your toe without doing harm to the whole of your body, yet that is what war does. Any war is dangerous, hurting all who live in the world, even though there might seem to be no direct connection between them and it.

So there is a great deal to be said for travel and the Channel Tunnel. It will open our minds. We shall learn how close we are to other nations and other people. It will teach us that we cannot live by ourselves and for ourselves alone.

Fear of the Foreigner

As soon as we actually see people of other nations we learn that it is as absurd to be afraid of them as to be afraid of our next-door neighbour. They are so like ourselves in every way. The sooner all of us of every nation get rid of that fear of the foreigner the better for us all. Some of us might like to exchange letters with boys and girls in Germany, and for those who are over fifteen this can easily be arranged if you will send in your names to the Children's League of Nations.

All who are members of the C.L.N. have done something to remove this fear. So far, so good! But we still want more members. *We must have more.*

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the Card and Badge (stamps at home, international coupons abroad). Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

THE FACE OF THE LAND

What They Are Doing With It

A GOOD AND BAD COLLECTION

Those who dream of the future of England may have a rude awakening if they live a few more years. They may find that the peace of the countryside has disappeared, and that what was once a paradise has become an almost endless line of country slums.

Those who would know exactly what is happening, and would help to avoid the worst and to secure the best, should see the admirable year book of the Design and Industries Association, published by Allen and Unwin at 7s. 6d. under the title of *The Face of the Land*.

There has been no more telling record of the terrible trail of ugliness across the face of England; and its practical value lies in this—that it shows the better way. We see what is being done and what might be done. As a collection of pictures of good things and bad things, of the right and the wrong way of developing the countryside, of the atrocities perpetrated by advertisers and of the beautiful landscapes they are spoiling everywhere, we commend this book to all.

For those who are fighting for better things the authors have much encouragement; for those who are indifferent they have a gallery of ugliness which can hardly leave them unmoved, however callous to beauty they may be.



Health and Energy all day long

THE energy and vitality children are so prodigal in spending have to be made good from the energy-creating elements to be obtained only from nourishment. They are growing—physically and mentally—and nourishment is essential for healthy growth.

During the years of childhood more nourishment is necessary than ordinary food supplies. Children need "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage, for this delicious food beverage contains concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form.

Remember, there is no substitute for "Ovaltine." No other food can ensure the same results, for no other food supplies, in a correctly balanced and concentrated form, the essential nutritive elements of Nature's best foods—malt, milk, and eggs.

Make "Ovaltine" your children's daily beverage. Note their increased energy and vitality, and see on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

MANY A PRETTY GIRL'S SMILE PROVES



How safely and surely
Gibbs Dentifrice
cleans and protects teeth

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Capt. Noel at work out-
side his dark-room tent. AX5605

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THE WAY OF AN EAGLE

Planning a Great Railway Track

THE BIRDS THAT LED THE WAY

A story told in My Magazine of Walter Moberley, of Vancouver, who helped to find a way for the Transcontinental railway line across Canada, has brought a charming letter from an old lady in Hereford who is his sister.

As the story was told the great railway line was held up by the necessity of finding a way for it through the Gold Mountains and the Selkirks. Moberley, then Surveyor-General for British Columbia, had taken a party up to a tributary of the Thompson River which lay immediately under the Gold Mountains and there began his search for a way over.

At the mouth of a creek his pistol shot disturbed a pair of eagles hovering round their eyrie. They sailed up the creek, and the direction of their flight gave Moberley the idea that this might be the way he was seeking.

Exploring the Valley

He climbed to a high peak and saw in the light of the setting Sun a valley which seemed as if it might be the ideal way. Next morning, before daylight, he left his companions and hurried to the bottom of the valley where the direction of the river flowing in it told him all he wanted to know.

Blazing a cedar tree, he wrote on it: "This is the path for the Overland Railway." He called it the Eagle Pass.

Walter Moberley's labours did not end there, as his sister reminds us. His hardships and labours in helping the great railway line to its goal left him not rich but poor, and with a constitution too enfeebled to resist the mortal disease that had stricken him.

Vancouver, the city of which he had been one of the first prospectors, could do no more for him in the last months of his life than offer him a bed in its General Hospital. But when he died the city gave him a public funeral, and his name is commemorated in at least one public institution, Vancouver's Art, Historic, and Scientific Museum.

His best monument is not in Vancouver but in Moberley's Eagle Pass, where, after so many years' searching and labour, the last rail was laid on November 7, 1885.

ANY OLD TOOLS FOR BETHNAL GREEN?

150 More Want to be Gardeners

There are too many child gardeners in Bethnal Green and not enough plots to go round.

It is true that ground is available for 150 new plots, but funds, tools, wages for a caretaker, and a tool-shed are needed, as well as plants and seeds. The Children's Garden Guild Recreation Fund has already financed seventy plots, but the committee can give no more grants this year toward new gardens.

Last year the C.N. published a photograph of some of these small gardeners at work and many C.N. readers sent gifts of plants, seeds, and money. It was partly owing to this extra help that the children were able to hold a flower show in the autumn and a bulb show this spring, and that prizes were given for the best street of window boxes.

If any C.N. readers have old gardening tools they do not want, Miss Monckton, of Oxford House, Mape Street, Bethnal Green, E.2, would gladly receive them, or any gifts for the gardens. Here is a wonderful chance of providing happiness and an absorbing interest in life to 150 more gardening enthusiasts.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR IN BABYLON

All That Is Left of Him.

Of Nebuchadnezzar nothing remains in Babylon except a tarnished memory. The very temple that he built in Kish is to be destroyed.

It was recovered in the excavation made by Professor Langdon at Kish, but though it is beyond doubt the great temple Nebuchadnezzar built it has not a stone or an inscribed monument to tell a word about him. For all the story the temple yields, Nebuchadnezzar would be as if he had never been.

It was a huge rectangular building with many chambers, like monks' cells grouped about it, but it might have been any one of Asia's thousand and one shrines. Its only interest is that it is nearly fifty centuries old.

If it yields no information it may conceal it, and so it is being destroyed in order that the excavators may search its foundations for other buildings or relics which may tell more.

THE MEN WHO FOUGHT AND DIED FOR US

The slander of the dead and the living in war books and war plays is one of the most pitiful things that has happened in our time, and everybody will be grateful to one of our greatest doctors for this tribute to the men who fought for us and died for us.

The writer is Lord Moynihan.

I had, perhaps, as long, varied, and intimate a knowledge as any man of our soldiers in all stages of their service in war, and, unless the act of wounding miraculously changed a man's character and infected him with notions and manners utterly foreign to his nature, I can most confidently assert that the pictures drawn of him in war novels are so grossly inaccurate as to be exasperating and revolting. The war plays, including the most popular, may rarely and at odd moments appear to come within range of truth, yet even then are so utterly remote as to bear witness only to the pitiful incompetence of their authors to see anything but the surface, or to read the minds and interpret the soul of troops.

The surface of men was perhaps not seldom rough; their language may have been Rabelaisian, their behaviour not always the most decorous. War is not a Sunday school. But if one speaks of our men in the multitude one can remember only their stout hearts, their gaiety of courage, their pride of race and battalion, their nobility of spirit.

I believe that I represent all my profession when I claim that our wounded soldiers in their unquenchable heroism, fortitude, steadfastness, and infinite patience in time of hardest trial consecrated the hospitals which held them and made service for them a sacrament.

CREWE LOOKS AHEAD Little Army of Tree Planters

Another wise town is looking ahead. Crewe has started its children on a tree-planting crusade. Over 1300 trees have already been planted in the streets, some fruit trees, but mostly elm and hawthorn; and now 150 children are to plant more.

Every tree is numbered, and every child is taught the protection and culture of his own tree.

Ypres

The new Ypres Cathedral, replacing the 12th-century cathedral destroyed in the war, has now been opened.

100 Years of Teaching

Mrs. Isabella Shaw, the first head teacher appointed by the old London School Board, has just died at the age of 93. She and her husband, who died some years ago, had a combined record of 104 years of teaching.

WHERE ARE THE TREASURES OF NEMI?

Roman Lake Mystery

ONE MORE QUEST FAILS

The search in Lake Nemi is ended. Italy is not to recover riches of art and value from Caligula's galleys. One galley, exposed and searched, has yielded next to nothing; the second, uncovered but not fully explored, is little more promising. The pumps are ceasing, water will refill the lake; the quest is ended.

So terminates one of the most romantic hopes of the kind which have been prosecuted to a conclusion in our time. The galleys, or Roman barges, were there; but the enterprise, carried out by a private firm, which was to be repaid for its labour by the profits resulting from the sale of treasure, has cost a million lire and yielded nothing but a few bronzes and some tiles bearing the names of the Emperors Caligula, Tiberius, and Trajan.

The Cost to the Peasantry

Peasants in the neighbourhood of the lake have suffered in health and pocket. The low level of the water permitted the breeding of the malaria-bearing mosquito, which carried its fell disease to the people. The shrinking of the water supply has robbed the farms and gardens of fertility, and fissured the ground as if volcanic energy had been at work.

To some of us the story of the Nemi treasure remains a mystery. There has been Nemi treasure; splendid bronzes and marbles which have come from that lake have been sold in London, some of them for thousands of pounds. The writer has seen lovely things which were undeniably from the lake, and presumably from these galleys. But that was two or three years before the thought of draining the lake was entertained by Signor Mussolini.

Romantic Enthusiasm

There must have been expert diving in Lake Nemi before ever a gallon of water was pumped out of it by the authorised engineers. Yet when the official search follows there is nothing to reward the Government or its agents.

Such is the usual fate of these treasure hunts, yet men go on and on, fired with romantic enthusiasm, each believing himself a Monte Cristo or a Drake among the jewels beneath the waters. In spite of all the failures which have attended costly undertakings in pursuit of fabled pirate gold in the Cocos Islands, another expedition is at this moment fitting out for the same purpose.

A MOUNTAIN MOVES ON A COAL MINE

A mountain is on the move in Wales. It is marching on the Tredegar Colliery, Bargoed, which it overshadows.

One might almost say that the mountain is coming unstuck. It has a stratum of clay in its mountainous sides, like the blue slipper clay of the southern face of the Isle of Wight.

When this clay becomes charged with water the harder rocks above slip over it in a landslide. The mountain began to march a quarter of a century ago. The autumn and spring rains have started it off again.

It threatens not only the colliery but a road and a railway, obliterating the road from Rhymney for a quarter of a mile, and buckling up the railway line from Newport to New Tredegar.

The coal pit is nearly at the end of its life. The mountain is closing it down.

CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 11

The Coming of the Strange Schooner

RUB-A-DUB. Rub-a-dub—dub—dub. The sound of the native drums boomed through the warm darkness as Don and Jim sat together that evening. Supper was over and the ship was very quiet. Not a ripple stirred the surface of the lagoon, and apart from the drums the only sound was the distant but never ceasing roar of the surf on the outer shores of the island.

Don put his hand into his pocket and took out the great pearl. In the light of the hanging lamp it glowed crimson.

"Almost like a danger signal," said Don thoughtfully.

"We've had enough croaking from Parami," said Jim sharply.

"How do you know he isn't right?" returned Don. "Some of these natives have something like second sight. I tell you, Jim, I've more than half a mind to clear out first thing tomorrow morning. We've got what we came for—and more. What are we waiting for?"

"We're waiting for a second pearl like this one," said Jim forcibly. "Just think what ten thousand would mean to us! We could go home and buy a farm in Devonshire and have a glorious time. Fancy fishing in a real trout stream and tramping across English hills!" He paused a moment, then went on even more earnestly. "What's the sense of leaving just when we've found where the real pearls lie? There's no danger in staying."

Don picked up a red and gold mango and began to peel it. "I'm not so sure," he said in his quiet way. "It isn't Parami only; Chi Ling doesn't like this place."

"He hasn't said so," retorted Jim.

"But he feels it. I know Chi Ling, and I rely on him. He's as good a man as any skipper could want in his crew, and plucky, yet he's keen to get away."

Jim's lips tightened. "You're the captain, and what you say goes."

Don looked troubled. "I don't want you to feel like that, old chap," he said. "See here, it's Tuesday. If I give you six days more, that is till Monday next, will you be satisfied?"

"Yes," said Jim. "Six days will give us a good chance to find a second pearl."

"Then that's a bargain, but we leave first thing Monday morning, and I don't expect you to do any more grousing."

"I won't," Jim promised.

During the days that followed no one worked harder than Parami, who ferried cargoes of shell over to the bank and laid them out in the sun. On Friday they began the clean up. That evening Parami brought in forty-seven pearls, of which a number were pink, but there was nothing to match or approach the great crimson beauty which they had already found.

"But there are some more shells to finish tomorrow," Jim told Don. "I haven't given up hoping yet."

"We shan't exactly starve even if we don't find any more," said Don. "I reckon we're worth about six thousand pounds."

"I hope it will be double that by tomorrow night," said Jim with a laugh. Next day, in spite of the appalling odour from the rotting oysters, Jim went with Parami to the bank. He had a handkerchief dipped in disinfectant across his mouth and nose, and worked steadily in the blazing sun. Don stayed by the ship, for the natives, now that they were free of the shark terror, had brought canoes into the lagoon and were fishing there. Although they seemed friendly and brought out fruit to trade for beads and other odds and ends, Don did not trust them or allow any of them aboard.

The Sun was dipping when Don was startled by a shout from the sand-bank and, looking up, saw Jim and Parami rowing furiously back to the schooner.

"Don my word, I believe the boy's got it," he remarked. He had not long to wait for Jim certainly broke all records in crossing the lagoon, and was so done by the time he reached the Dolphin that he could hardly climb aboard. Scarlet in the face and dripping with perspiration, he thrust a hand in his pocket, and when he brought it out in the palm lay not one but three great crimson pearls!

"Two of them were in one shell," croaked Jim. He was still so breathless he could hardly speak.

Don took the pearls and held them one by one against the light.

"Perfect!" he said in a low voice. "Jim, it's about the biggest find ever made in the South Seas. We can buy two farms if you want them."

"One will do me," said Jim. "And a trout stream and a couple of good ponies." He drew a long breath. "For mercy's sake give me a drink, my throat's like shoe leather."

Chi Ling appeared with a long glass of orange juice and water and Jim put it down. "Now," he said, "I don't care how soon we start home."

Parami came up. "It too late, now. Schooner come," he remarked.

CHAPTER 12

The Skipper of the Stiletto

THEY watched her in silence. She was a big vessel compared with the Dolphin, being of about one hundred and fifty tons, and looked quite imposing as she came slowly and steadily in under her own power. Don was the first to speak.

"Stiletto," he said, as he read the name painted on her bow. "I never heard of her." He turned to Chi Ling. "You know her?"

Chi Ling shook his head. "I not know," he answered briefly.

"What on earth brings her here?" demanded Jim, frowning. "Parami, I thought you said that your schooner, the Kiwi, was the only one that knew the way into the lagoon."

"You forget, little master," said Parami gently. "Him Sangata, he get away, so he know how come here."

"You mean that this fellow Sangata is aboard this stranger? If that's the case then they're after the pearls."

"There are plenty left for them," said Don quietly. "There's no need to get fussed up, Jim."

"Of course there isn't," agreed Jim. "All the same I wish I knew who these people are."

"You'll know pretty soon. She's coming our way and looks as if she meant to anchor close alongside."

Jim looked doubtful. "Haden't we better load up our guns?" he suggested.

Don laughed outright.

"My dear Jim, we don't live in the days of Bully Hayes. Piracy is a thing of the past in these waters."

"We've got several thousand pounds' worth of pearls aboard and those people outnumber us three to one. I don't believe in taking chances," said Jim.

"Mistel Jim quite light, captain," said Chi Ling. "You please give me big pearls and I put them safe."

Don's eyes widened, but he trusted Chi Ling and at once handed him all the four big red pearls.

"Do as you like," he said, "but see you hide them where we can find them again."

Chi Ling merely nodded and, taking the pearls, vanished below in his usual noiseless fashion.

The others remained on deck, watching the stranger gliding quietly toward them. As she came nearer they saw that her crew were all natives. The skipper seemed to be the only white man. He was an enormous fellow, fully six feet high and very fat.

"What a whopper! Why, he must weigh about eighteen stone," said Jim.

"All of that," agreed Don. "But he carries it well, and looks smart."

Don was right, for the big man walked as lightly as his barefooted crew. He wore white duck trousers and some sort of light silk shirt with a pale blue sash around his waist. On his big head was a snowy white Panama hat with a broad, dark blue riband. This big man hailed them through a speaking-trumpet.

"Ahoy, Dolphin!" he cried in an oddly high-pitched voice. "Have you any objection to our anchoring here?"

"None at all," said Don; "so long as you give us room to swing."

"I will be careful," responded the other, and they heard him calling out orders.

"Funny way he speaks," said Jim to Don. "Foreigner, isn't he?"

"German or Dutch, I'd say," was the answer. "Wonder what the idea is in coming right alongside."

"The shark, I expect," said Jim. "If Parami is right and Sangata is aboard he will have warned them that it isn't safe to put over a boat."

"They ought to have spotted the carcass by this time," replied Don, glancing at the vast skeleton on the beach. Every bit of flesh had been picked off, first by the natives then by sea birds.

The Stiletto was quickly anchored, then her fat skipper came to the side and hailed again. "I will come aboard, if you permit," he called in his funny, high-pitched voice.

Continued on the next page

"We have just told our Headmistress."

DEAR C.N. READERS,

I have had a letter from a girl at school in Kent. In it she says:

"We noticed your letter in the 'C.N.' and have the pleasure of sending you a sum of money for the poor children of Stepney. We have just told our Headmistress about it and she has kindly given us a little more."



The letter was signed on behalf of her Section by "J. L.," to whom (and to whose Section and Headmistress) I am indeed most truly grateful.

I wonder if there are any more scholars and schools and Headmistresses who will be equally generous and help me along in my work?

You know our plans for this summer, don't you? We are arranging to give a day's glorious holiday at the seaside, or in the country, to at least 15,000 boys and girls who spend their lives in homes in East End slums. The cost is 2/- for each child.

We shall, also, send 500 to 600 sickly children to a Holiday Home for a fortnight at a cost of 30/- each.

I shall be glad if you can give something towards our "Health and Happiness Campaign." Do you think that your father and mother will be willing to send something, too? They might, if you were to ask them. Envelopes should be addressed to:

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"Glad to see you," shouted Don; and at once a boat was put over and, with two natives rowing, the big man was ferried to the Dolphin. He came over the side as lightly as a great cat, and Don met him, shook hands, and introduced himself.

The big man bowed. "I am Dirck Jansen," he said. "Captain and owner of the Stiletto. I am on my way back to Sydney with copra, and have put in for fresh water. Ours has gone bad. It is a pleasant surprise"—he bowed again—"to find another ship here." He spoke very good English but with a slight foreign accent; but his voice was absurd for so big a man, high and piping.

"I'm wondering how you found the way in," said Don pleasantly. "I didn't think anyone but ourselves knew of this lagoon."

"But why should you think that?" asked Jansen in surprise. "It is marked on the charts."

"Not on ours," replied Don.

"But it is on mine. I have been here before—about twelve years ago. There was then a great shark here so large that it attacked boats."

"We managed to kill him," said Don, pointing to the skeleton on the beach.

"That was fine work," said Jansen approvingly. "The natives, doubtless, are pleased."

"We had to do it," Don explained. "You see, we are after shell. But you will come below and have some refreshment?"

"You are most kind," said the big man and followed Don down into the cabin, where Chi Ling already had cool drinks on the table. Jim joined them, and the three sat and chatted for nearly an hour. In spite of his funny voice Jansen talked wonderfully well, and his manners were equally wonderful for a South Sea skipper.

"It is a great pleasure to speak to educated men after so long consorting with natives," he said. "Will you be so kind as to come and take supper with me tonight?"

"We shall be very pleased to," said Don simply, and Jansen, who had got up to go, smiled with evident pleasure.

"I will then expect you in an hour," he said, and went away.

"I say, why did you tell him we were pearling?" was Jim's first question to Don after Jansen had left.

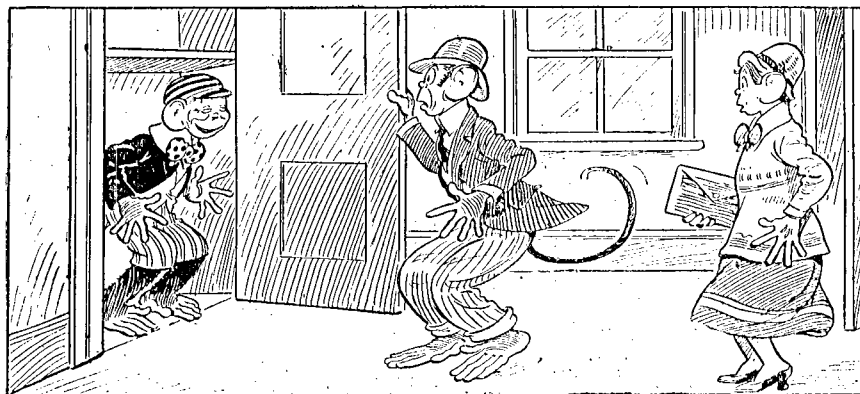
Continued in the last column

JACKO MAKES HIMSELF UNPOPULAR

ONE day Mrs Jacko suddenly stopped in the street and looked at something very intently.

"Oh, look!" she cried. "Miss Ape's house is to let."

"Who cares if it is?" sang out Jacko. "I'm sure we don't want to move."



He was grinning from ear to ear

"I'm not so sure about that, dear," said his mother. "Anyhow, we'll have a look over the place."

It didn't take long to find Mr Chump, the House Agent.

"It's an ideal house," he told Mother Jacko. "Every accommodation, bone dry, and sunny position."

Jacko gave a snort as soon as he got inside. "Coo! I don't think much of the sunny position," he said. "It's so dark I can't see the end of my nose."

Mr Chump gave him a withering look. "I think we'd better go round the house without your little boy, Mum," he said to Mother Jacko. "We don't want a lot of interruptions."

"Yes, you stay here, dear," said Mother Jacko. "We shan't be long."

But they were such a long time that when they came back Jacko had disappeared.

"Well, I must be going, too, Mr Chump," she said; "but I've quite made up my mind to take the house. Just tell me one thing, though. Why

did Miss Ape leave? I suppose the house isn't haunted?"

"I should think not!" said Mr Chump, with a superior smile. "Don't you worry your head over silly things like that, Mum."

Bump! went something upstairs, and both Mrs Jacko and Mr Chump gave a start. The next moment there was a horrible cry!

Mother Jacko didn't wait to hear any more. "I knew it!" she declared. "The house is haunted!"

Mr Chump was furious. "It's that boy, I know it is!" he kept on saying.

It was that boy. They found him in a cupboard, grinning from ear to ear.

But his smile had faded away by the time Mr Chump had finished with him!

Don laughed. "Why not, when the first thing he must have seen was all that shell? Now you'd better go and change your togs. We've got to do the Dolphin credit tonight."

Jim nodded and went to his cabin, where he changed into clean, white ducks. He and Don looked very smart when they came on deck. Chi Ling himself was ready to pull them across, but Parami was nowhere to be seen. Don had a word aside with the Chinaman.

"Think he's all right, Chi Ling?"

"I tink he's all right if you no speak of red pearls, Captain."

"I'll be careful," replied Don, and they went across.

Supper was laid in the little saloon, and Jim was surprised at the extravagant way it was served. Their host seemed to know every part of the South Seas and he told them more about this island of Aroa than they had ever known or suspected.

"And the people were once highly civilised," he continued. "About four miles inland are the ruins of what must once have been a large fortified town. Stone walls of great thickness and the foundations of the citadel are still visible."

"You've seen them?" asked Jim.

"But indeed I have seen them. I visited them when I was last here."

"And the natives were friendly?" questioned Jim.

Jansen looked mildly surprised. "Yes, indeed. They are not of the same dangerous type as those of the Solomons. I had no difficulty with them at all. I am interested in these ruins, and now that I am here intend visiting them again. I wish to obtain some photographs for the Sydney Archaeological Society."

"My word, I'd like to see them!" exclaimed Jim.

"I should be pleased to act as your guide," said Jansen courteously.

"Let's go, Don," said Jim.

"That would be pleasant," said Jansen. "Tomorrow being Sunday would be a good day for a walk ashore, and we would take our luncheon."

Don agreed, and presently they said good-night and returned to the Dolphin. Kupa was on watch, and Jim asked him to send up Parami.

A few minutes later Kupa came back quickly. "Parami, him not in ship," he said in a scared voice.

TO BE CONTINUED

Every Reader of the Children's Newspaper ought to know all about

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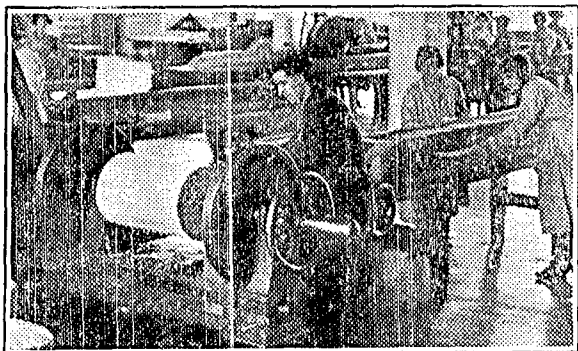
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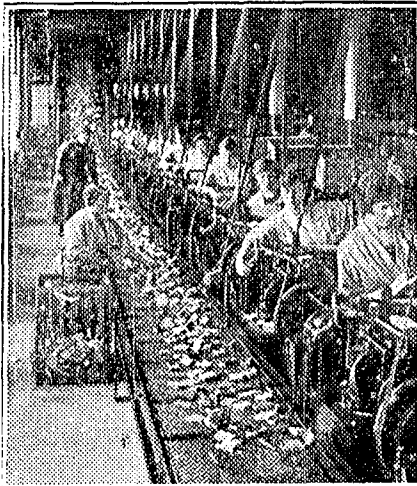
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MAKING SWAN VESTA BOX INNERS.



CHOPPING THE VENEER FOR MATCH BOXES.

The veneers, piled about 85 high, are placed on rollers and run through a chopper, which cuts them into the width required for box making.

The "BRYMAY" MATCH PUZZLE SERIES. SET NO 3

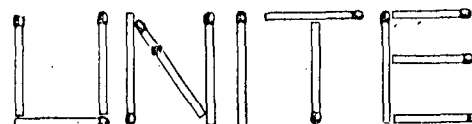
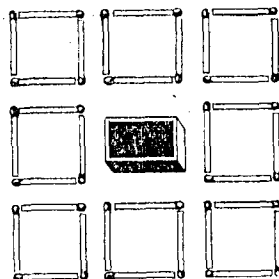
Puzzle No. 13.

1. Arrange 12 matches as in No. 1, re-arrange 4 matches and leave 3 squares.
2. Place 13 matches as in No. 2, take away 2 matches and leave 3 squares.
3. Arrange 15 matches as in No. 3, take away 3 matches and leave 3 squares.
4. Place 17 matches as in No. 4, and take away 5 matches and leave 3 squares only.



Puzzle No. 14.

Take 32 matches and arrange as indicated with matchbox in centre. Suppose the matchbox the castle and the matches the garrison. Take 4 soldiers away and leave 12 on each side; then add 8 more and still have only 12 on each side.



Puzzle No. 15.

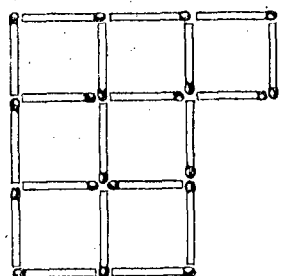
Write in matches the word:—

UNITE

Now change the position of 1 match and make another word meaning the exact opposite.

Puzzle No. 16.

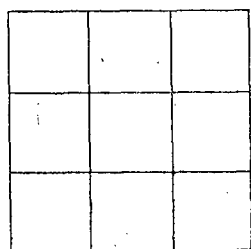
From the figure shown re-arrange 3 matches, making 5 squares of the same size.



Puzzle No. 17.

Take 45 matches and arrange in groups of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9. Draw a 6 in square and divide as shown.

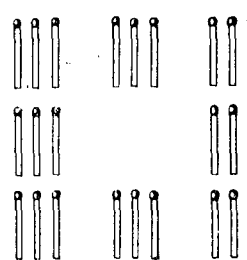
The puzzle is to place the 9 groups in the 9 squares so that horizontally and vertically each column adds up to 15.



Puzzle No. 18.

Place 24 matches in threes like this, counting 9 each way.

1. Now add 1, making 25, and, keeping the rectangular shape, still count 9 each way.
2. Take 5 away, leaving 20, and still leave 9 each way.
3. Add 8 to the 20, and still count 9 each way.
4. Add 4 to the 28, and still leave 9 each way.
5. And Finally take away 2, leaving 30, and retain 9 each way.



THE SOLUTIONS TO THIS SET OF PUZZLES
WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S
"CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER."



LOOK OUT FOR THE NEXT SET
IN THE "CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER"
OF MAY 31st, 1930.



BRYANT & MAY'S MATCHES—BRITISH & BEST

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 3, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

At the Auction

A MAN went to an auction sale prepared to spend a certain sum.

He began by spending half of it on a piece of china. Then he paid £12 for a painting and spent half the money he had left on a rare book. Finally he bought an engraving for £9 and went away with a tenth of his money unspent.

How much did he have to start with?

Answer next week

Sayings Shakespeare Made

A CUSTOM more honoured in the breach than the observance.

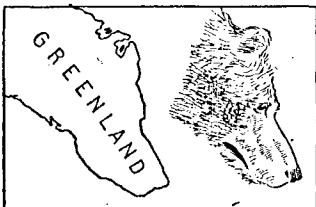
Hamlet, I 4.

Tis neither here nor there.

Othello, IV 3.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. *Tempest, II 2.*

Pictures From the Atlas



HERE is another picture from the atlas, Greenland turned into the head of a bear.

An Enigma

TWO brothers are we, stout and strong,
We travel many miles along.
A heavy weight we often bear,
And all the sorry wear and tear.
Filled to the brim we are all day,
At night, all empty, placed away.

Answer next week

Do You Live in Jersey?

IT is sometimes stated that the origin of the name is the Norman Gers-ey, meaning isle of grass or grass-covered isle, but such an explanation, though plausible, is not correct. It is really a corruption of Caesarea, and was named in honour of Caesar.

Diagonal Acrostic

FILL in the letters to make the words described. When this has been done correctly the central diagonal line, represented by noughts, will form the name of a cathedral city in East Anglia.

O***** Posy
*O***** One who brags
O*** Obstruction
O** Ship's attendant
****O***** Need
*****O***** Attention
*****O***** Entreat

Answer next week

The Large Tortoiseshell

EARLY in May the large tortoiseshell butterfly begins to lay its eggs, which may be found packed close together on twigs and small branches of elm trees. The eggs are very numerous; as many as four hundred have been found crowded together on one piece of branch.

The caterpillar, which hatches out early in June, turns into a chrysalis about the middle of the month, and the fully-grown butterfly appears in July.

Ici On Parle Français



La broche Le pain Le brise-lames

La broche est épinglée à sa robe.

On fait le pain avec la farine.

Le brise-lames protège la rade.

A Charade

MY first you carry wherever you roam,
In hearing you should use it.
My second is a charming home
And sad are those who lose it.
Please be my whole or you will never
Do aught that's good or wise or clever.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Neptune is in the South and Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury are in the West. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on May 7.



Facts

THERE are 2174 characters in Dickens's works.

Windsor Castle is the oldest building in the world that has been permanently inhabited by kings.

An elephant can carry about three tons on its back.

It is estimated that there are about 22 million wireless receiving sets in the world.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Strange Number. 396

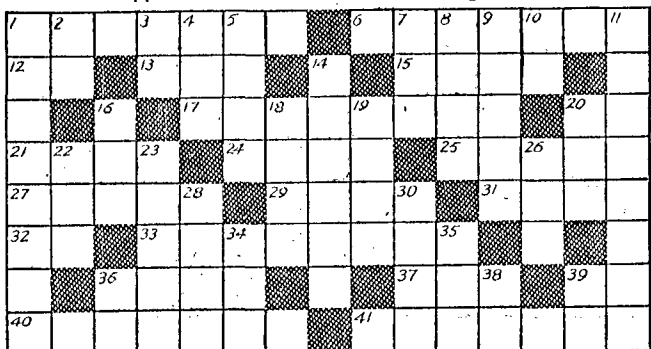
Squares and Circles What Am I?
GALLEON Omnibus
r l e a p p o Missing Rhymes
a l a g o a t Oil, toll; race,
C O R A C L E trace; rue, true;
e w n l h s d ask, task.

Paired Words

Pate, prate; cab, crab; fee, free;
fog, frog; tench, trench; fight,
fright; gain, grain; dear, drear.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 45 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Record of events. 6. Lacking. 12. Upon. 13. Poem. 15. Controls a horse. 17. Gone. 20. Indefinite article. 21. Disorderly retreat. 24. Venture. 25. Rhythmic movement. 27. Known fact. 29. Old English gold coin. 31. Grimace. 32. Pronoun. 33. Teaser. 36. Sandhill. 37. Atmosphere. 39. New Latin.* 40. Attics. 41. Esteems.

Reading Down. 1. A fence. 2. Within. 3. Preposition. 4. Uneven. 5. Water plant. 7. Craft. 8. Want. 9. Pertaining to the tide. 10. Not out. 11. Officers. 14. Diverse. 16. Groove. 18. Portion. 19. Raise. 20. Expert airman. 22. Cereal. 23. Underground stem. 26. Fresh. 28. Hair on the neck. 30. A metal. 34. Used in fishing. 35. Edge. 36. Doctor.* 38. Royal Institution.* 39. Compass point.*

Dr. MERRYMAN

A Thrifty Nature

A MOTORIST was giving a friend a lift in his car.

"What is the idea of that taxi-meter?" asked the friend.

"Ah!" was the reply. "It cheers me no end when I see how much my ride might be costing me."

Snubbed

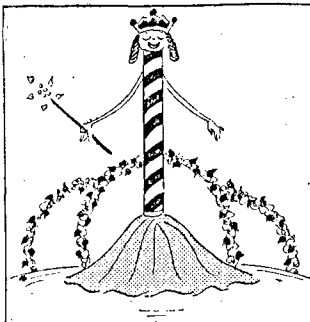
A YOUNG man who fancied himself as a singer was describing a party at the house of a mutual friend.

"And why did you sing?" asked the acquaintance.

"Well," said the conceited one, "they were so pressing, you know."

"Ah! I understand. It was your revenge."

The Maypole's Wish



MAY DAY was nearly over
And the Pole lay on the ground;
She had fallen, growing dizzy
With the people dancing round.
She lay there sadly wishing
That she'd never, never been
The beribboned painted Maypole—
Next year she'd be the Queen.

Beginning at the Top

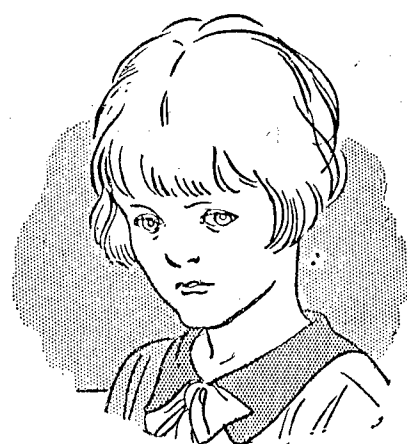
HE was quite a new apprentice.
"Now, my lad," said the foreman, "your first job will be with the steel-girder men up at the top of the framework of this new building."

"But, sir," said the youth, who was not fond of giddy heights, "Father said I was to begin at the bottom and work up."

Quite Safe

JACK was going out to play.
"You are not to go fishing with George," said his mother. "He is just recovering from whooping cough."

"That's all right, Mother," replied Jack, "I never catch anything when I go fishing."



To thoughtful Mothers!

Care that means so much to your girls.

Will your girls grow up with nice complexions? The importance of regular habits is vital. Children do not realise this, so mothers have to be watchful and give a laxative when the daily action fails. "California Syrup of Figs" is the best laxative and blood purifier for children. They love its delicious taste. It never fails to cleanse and sweeten the organs. It keeps the eyes bright, the complexion clear, and the skin free from pimples and eruptions. Ask your chemist for "California Syrup of Figs," 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle (full directions on label). Emphasise "California" and no mistake will be made.

For your throat

The Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are manufactured from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of choice ripe black currants by a special process which conserves the full value and flavour of the fruit. They have a demulcent and mildly astringent effect, most useful in allaying simple irritations of the throat. They dissolve slowly and uniformly, and have a delicious, slightly acidulous flavour which is most refreshing.

Allenburys'
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**
Your Chemist sells them
8s & 1/3 Per Box

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

BASIL was two years older than Jamie, yet their birthdays were on the same day. Last year their governess, Miss Bishop, had taken them for a picnic, because it was springtime and the weather was sunny.

"Do let us go for another picnic this year, Hoppy!" said Basil.

"Well, if it's really warm and sunny we will," said Miss Bishop.

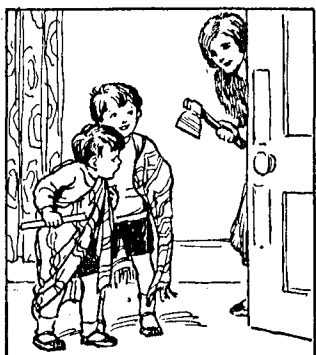
Basil shouted with glee and Jamie clapped his hands. They spent the whole evening looking out their billycans and polishing them.

"We'll play cave men!" shouted Basil to Jamie before they went to sleep that night.

But oh dear! next morning the Sun never came out of the

clouds at all. It grew a little darker, and by midday it had begun to rain steadily.

"Oh, Hoppy, why does



"To cut the cake," she said

it always rain when you don't want it to?" grumbled Basil with his nose against the windowpane; and poor

little Jamie looked ready to cry.

"Never mind," said Miss Bishop. "Perhaps it is just as well it is wet, because there's a cave-woman coming to fetch you to a picnic with her this afternoon."

"Who, Hoppy? What cave-woman?" they shouted.

But Miss Bishop only said, "Wait and see!"

Miss Bishop left them to play alone all the afternoon. Then about four o'clock a loud knock came on the nursery door, and in walked a cave-woman!

Well, you could see it was Hoppy with a rug wrapped round her and a hatchet in her hand.

"Can we have rugs too?" cried Jamie, and Miss Bishop

gave them two Indian shawls. "This way to the cave," she called.

They followed her breathlessly down the kitchen-stairs to a little empty boxroom underneath. There on the floor inside was a sheepskin rug, a wood fire in the grate with a billycan on it. On the floor was a cloth with cups and plates and buns and jam and a big birthday cake! And by Basil's place and Jamie's were two little tomahawks.

"To cut the cake with," laughed Miss Bishop.

"Well," said Basil, his eyes glistening, "this is even lovelier than last year. I am glad it's raining."

"So am I!" shouted the delighted Jamie.